

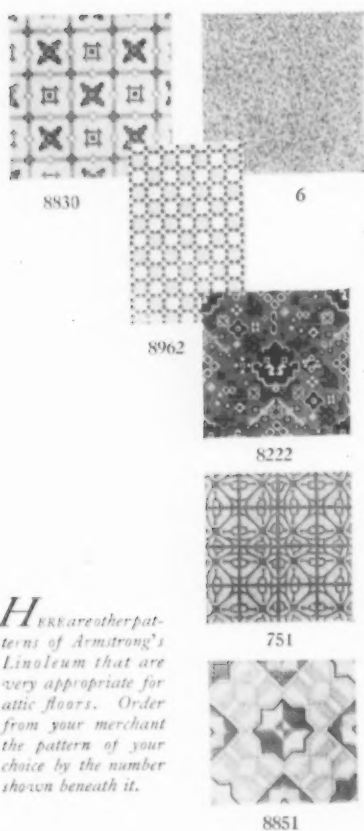
MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE
JANUARY 1923 15¢





This floor is Armstrong's printed linoleum Number 8282



Here are other patterns of Armstrong's Linoleum that are very appropriate for attic floors. Order from your merchant the pattern of your choice by the number shown beneath it.

Glorifying the Attic

BY using linoleum, you invade a new field of color possibilities for making any room attractive. You can indulge your love of color in scores of ways. Sand or blue, gray or rose—a favorite color can rule each room in the house, just as it does in the attic pictured here.

This modern use of linoleum comes to us from the finest European homes, where it is found in all types of rooms, simple and elaborate.

More than this, a linoleum floor is easily cleaned and kept clean—it saves housework. Rubbed with a good wax, it does not mar or spot. It offers a very economical way to make over old floors, for it is low in first cost and in upkeep—expensive refinishing will never be necessary. A linoleum floor is springy to the feet and muffles sound. Tight and snug, it brings added comfort to your home. Fabric rugs look well on it.

All of these virtues are found in

Armstrong's Linoleum, which is flexible, durable, and does not tear easily. You can recognize it by the Circle A trademark, which appears on the burlap back.

It will pay you to have Jaspé, Inlaid, and Plain Linoleum laid by your merchant. Cemented down firmly over heavy felt paper, you have a *permanent* floor that does not bulge—one that is attractive for years. The colors run clear through to the burlap back. Armstrong's Linoleum is also made with the colors printed on the surface.

For a better appreciation of the charm and practical value of linoleum, send for our book on interior decoration, which tells how to use linoleum effectively in "every room in the house."

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Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. A thoroughly trained decorator in charge. No fees.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration" (Second Edition)

By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. Sent, together with de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

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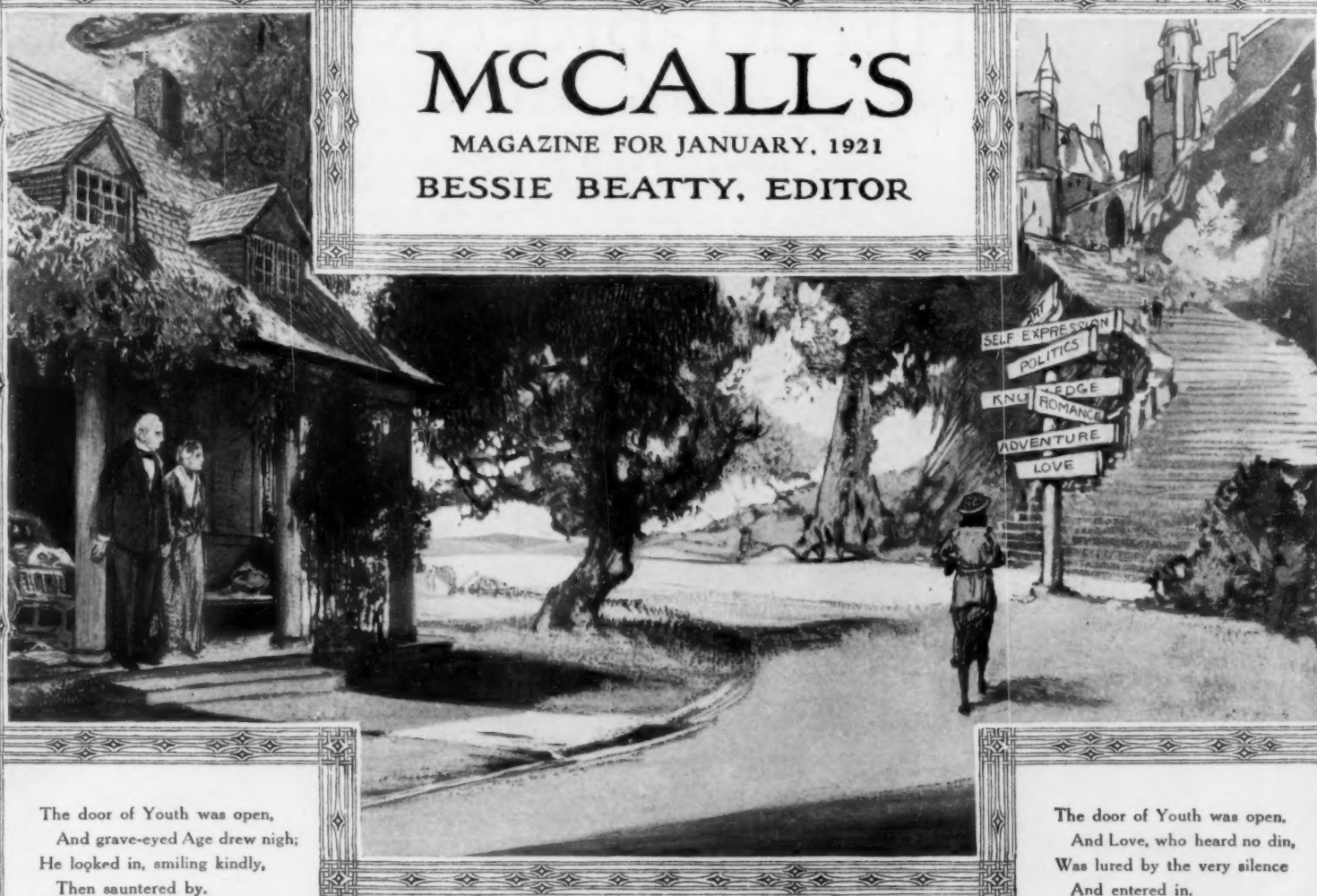
Armstrong's Linoleum is also made in rug form. For a sanitary floor-covering for your kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, etc., these rugs are fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of twenty-three pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DEPARTMENT
906 Virginia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum
for Every Floor  in the House

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1921
BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



The door of Youth was open,
And grave-eyed Age drew nigh;
He looked in, smiling kindly,
Then sauntered by.

The door of Youth was open,
And Love, who heard no din,
Was lured by the very silence
And entered in.

—Oscar C. Williams.

THIS SIDE OF YOUTH

THE older generation is having today what the young people, in popular parlance, call a *poor time*. Parents, teachers, statesmen, as the impudent young run to climb the steep steps of Life, are filled with the Fear of Youth.

Now this Fear is not the traditional terror of generations at the romantic attitudes of the young. The middle-aged are always expected to be alarmed at youth. But whom the gods love have always, heretofore, died young; or have grown up to marry and adjust themselves to this flat but fairly comfortable world.

Today's parental fear is different. It is a genuine *scared feeling*. "Good heavens!" cry all the fathers and mothers. "What are these mad young things?"

What a greeting for the generation to whom the world with its fairy towers of fame, its bitter apples of disappointment, must be turned over!

Of course, parents expect to turn the world over to them. For what else have they chased success, put money in the bank, hidden their failures? But today, youth does not wait to have the world given over. It grabs it away from an outgrown generation. And as the youngsters take over alike hemispheres and sidewalks, conversation and society, they comment coolly upon the past.

"Poor old world," they gibe—"it's time we took charge. A fine mess Dad and Mother have made of it."

Of course, the poor middle-aged, pushed off the platform of authority, go down with eyebrows raised. They are less shocked than uncomprehending. Why is young Mabel so different from dear Aunt Gertrude, who never gave anyone any trouble? Why is George so uninterested in his job, and yet so seriously concerned about the future of society?

If Father and Mother would only stop to think, they would realize that the young man and his reigning Queen, the young woman of today, are a natural product of the times. They are an American development as logical as factories, automobiles, airplanes. And since we are famed for quantitative production, the flappers grow in mobs, the new young men grow by the mil-

lion. A democracy and not a despotism of youth, causes fathers and mothers, from Maine to California, to sit on the screened porch evenings, wondering why children are not the way they used to be.

They must learn that children never are. And Youth of today's world is like no other young people who ever ran wild in ancient Greece, or stayed out late in the moonlight in the days of the Roman Empire. Yet George and Mabel are no longer problems, once we set them against the age they live in.

It is no good wishing they were like dear Aunt Gertrude, because *she is dead*. And *they* are so compellingly *alive*. Is it strange that Mabel should want to work; should speak brutally to her parents, when all her life she has had a bicycle and driven a Ford, has gone to the State University, has always been taught to tell the truth and look the world straight in its eye? Isn't that exactly what she is trying to do now?

And if Mabel is comprehensible to us, even more so is George. We are frankly on their side, because they do not blink their eyes at the sight of this world we are leaving to them; because their disillusionment does not dull their passion to do a better job. Of course they annoy us; they even shock us sometimes.

If they did not shock us, we should be worried for fear the world was coming to a standstill. Scolding them doesn't help. They must work out their own destiny. They do it with a serious blending of frivolity and seriousness. The war has made them strangely old in their time. The most light-minded may mask behind his laughter the memories of things his father couldn't bear to hear. And the most arrant flirt may have run the gamut of deeper emotions than ever came to three grandmothers. They have won more and lost more: and there is seemingly so little to win and lose in this tired and disillusioned existence which we must leave them to carry on.

This world—which they were brought up to believe would shine with such radiant realization! This noisy, discordant ferment! Their youth alone may have the power both to heal and lead it. They will at least make more of it than the passing generation, whose tragedy it is to know, in its inner heart, its own awful failure.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE

January, 1921

Volume XLVIII, Number 4

\$1.50 PER YEAR

Canadian postage, 25 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra

Main Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 418-424 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

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HEART-BREAKERS ALL



What chance has the most sophisticated adventurer against the brown eyes and the flagrant youth of Richard Barthelmess?

THE Matinee Idol is still with us—but how the man has changed! Knighthood is no longer in flower. Women are different. Haven't you heard them, "My dear, his neckties are *divine*," or "I *loathe* him—he is so *horribly* romantic." Do you wonder that men join the Despair Club?

Heart-breaking was never harder. But it can be done. Not all of its great masters are handsome. Behold—

Leo Ditrichstein has the record for heart-breaking. 18,987,654 wives and fiancées went home wondering whether a husband could be trained to kiss a hand

White



It is estimated that the tears shed at John Barrymore's matinees, would fill the Mississippi Basin

Paramount



In Wallace Eddinger, the matinee goes to find the Perfect Husband. Was ever a man so mixed in his dates, so obviously in need of a wife?

White

If the girls had their say, Fred Stone (to the left) would settle all war questions. For who can quarrel while laughing?

George Arliss, in the left-hand corner, certainly does make the management of empires seem attractive. What a husband!

Down below is Alfred Lunt of *Clarence*. Yet entomologists make dangerous husbands: they are always chasing butterflies

Paramount

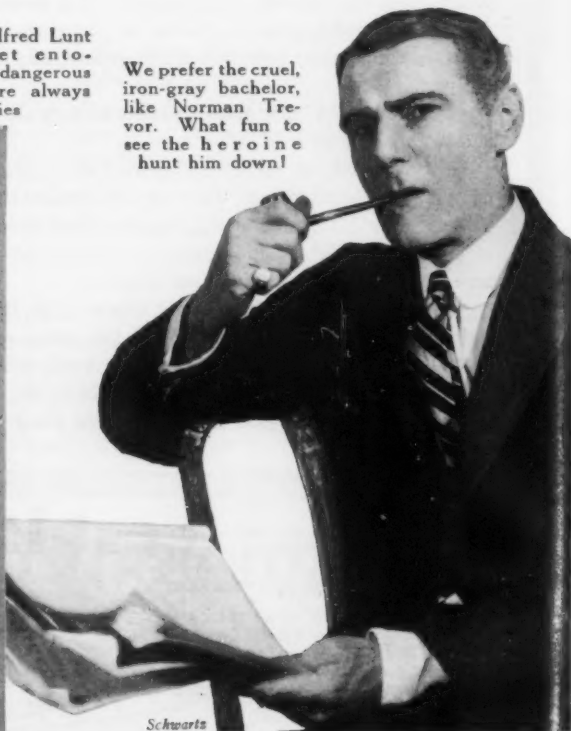
There is something to be said for a husband who stands around decorating the house every evening—as Tom Meighan is doing. Six million women voted for him for president



Mogett



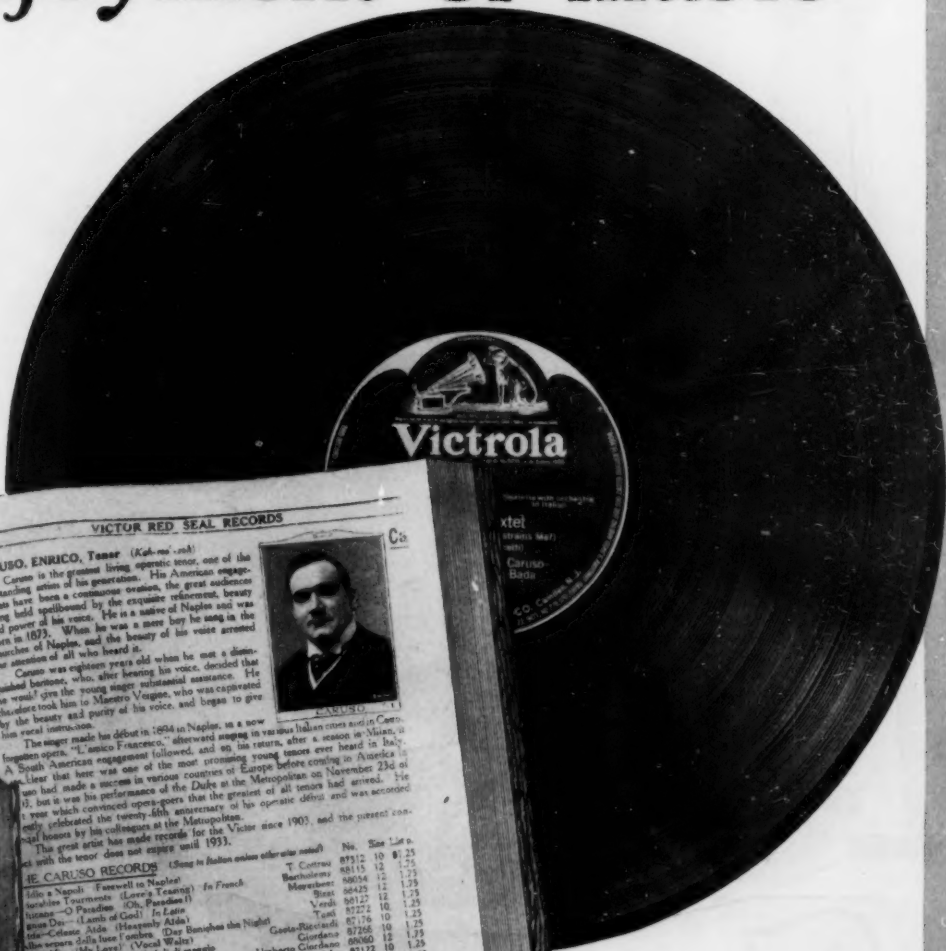
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VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CALVÉ, EMMA, Soprano (Kall-eh)
Half French, half Spanish by descent, Emma Calvé possesses a warmth of temperament and a dramatic talent that have made her unique among artists. She was born in Madrid, of well-to-do parents, but the early death of her father forced her to make a career for herself. She went to Paris and studied singing with Roma Laborde, and afterward with Pugot and Marchesi—the teacher of most famous vocalists. Her operatic debut was made at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, in Brussels, in 1882, as Marguerite in "Faust." Following this came her Paris debut at the Opéra Comique, in 1883, when she made her first triumph in Italy, where she performed in the same role.



VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS

CARUSO, ENRICO, Tenor (Kah-roo'-neh)
Caruso is the greatest living operatic tenor, one of the outstanding artists of his generation. His American engagements have been a continuous sensation, the great audience being held spellbound by the exquisite refinement, beauty and power of his voice. He is a native of Naples and was born in 1859. When he was a mere boy he sang in the churches of Naples, and the beauty of his voice arrested the attention of all who heard it.
Caruso was eighteen years old when he met a distinguished baritone, who, after hearing his voice, decided that he would give the young singer substantial assistance. He thereafter took him to Maestro Vagstad, who was captivated by the beauty and purity of his voice, and began to give him vocal instruction.



The singer made his debut in 1884 in Naples, in a new foreign opera, "L'amico Francesco," afterward singing in various Italian cities and in Cairo. A South American engagement followed, and on his return, after a season in Milan, he was heard in the same role at the Metropolitan in New York. It was his performance of the Duke at the Metropolitan on November 23d of 1910, which convinced opera-goers that the greatest of all tenors had arrived. He was crowned by his colleagues at the Metropolitan.

The great artist has made records for the Victor since 1903, and the present catalog will be the last that will be issued until 1921.

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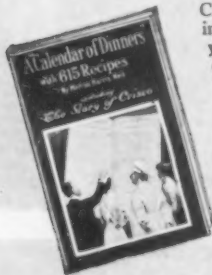
It is white—makes snowy white cakes. It gives cakes the same flavor as when butter is used; all that is necessary is to add a teaspoonful of salt for each cupful of Crisco. It is rich—goes further in everything. It is odorless—and stays so till used, without even being kept on ice.

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OLD IRON

By Stacy Aumonier

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

THE story is familiar to you? Well, perhaps so. It is the story of the eternal triangle, the most useful of geometrical forms in the construction of a romantic pattern.

The trouble with human triangles is that they are never equilateral: two sides together are invariably greater than the third side. Jim Canning was the third side of a triangle, and he got flattened out. In fact, his wife used to flatten him out on every possible occasion. She was bigger than he, and she was aided by the *tertium quid*, Ted Woollams, who was nothing more or less than a professional pugilist.

What was Jim to do? In every well-conducted epic the hero performs physical feats which leave you breathless. He is always tall and strong and a bit too quick with the rapier for any villain who crosses his path. But what about a hero who is small and elderly, of poor physique, short-sighted, asthmatic? You may say that he has no place in the heroic arena. He should clear out and go and get on with his job, and leave heroism to people who know how to manage the stuff. And yet there was something heroic in the heart of Jim Canning; a quick sympathy, and an instinct for self-sacrifice.

He used to keep a second-hand furniture shop, which, you must understand, is a very different thing from an antique shop. Jim's furniture had no determinate character such as that which goes by the name of Chippendale, Sheraton or Heppelwhite. It was just "furniture." Well-worn sofas, broken chairs and tables, mattresses with the stuffing exuding from holes, rusty brass beds with the knobs missing, broken pots and mirrors and dumb-bells; even clothes and screws, false teeth and bird-cages, and ancient umbrellas. But his specialty was old iron—trays and trays and baskets filled with scraps of old iron.

His establishment used to be known in Camden Town as "The Muck-shop." At odd times of the day you might observe his small, pathetic figure trundling a barrow laden with the spoils of some hard-pressed inhabitant. What a tale the little shop seemed to tell! Struggle and poverty, homes broken up, drink, ugly passions, desperate sacrifices—a battered array of the symbols of distress. And somehow in his person, these stories seemed to be embodied. One felt that he was sorry for the people whose property he bought. He was always known as a fair dealer. He paid a fair price and never took advantage of ignorance.

HIS marriage was a failure from the very first. She was a big, strapping woman, the daughter of a local greengrocer. Twelve years younger than Jim, vain, frivolous, empty-headed and quarrelsome. Her reasons for marrying him were obscure. Probably she had arrived at the time when she wanted to marry, and Jim was regarded as a successful shopkeeper, who could keep her in luxury. He was blinded by her physical attractions and tried his utmost to believe that his wife was everything to be desired. Disillusionment came within the first month of their married life, at the moment, indeed, when Clara realized that her husband's business was not so thriving as she had been led to believe. She immediately accused him of deceiving her. Then she began to sulk and neglect him. She despised his manner of conducting business—his conscientiousness and sense of fair dealing.

"If you'd put some ginger into it," she once remarked, "and not always be thinking about the feelings of the tripe you buy from, we might have a house in the Camden Road and a couple of servants."

This had never been Jim's ambition. Many years ago he had attended a sale at Shorwell Green, on the borders of Sussex, a glorious spot near the downs, amidst lime-trees and little running streams. It had been the dream of his life, that one day he would retire there with the woman he loved—and her children. When he put the matter to Clara, she laughed him to scorn.

"Not half!" she said. "Catch me living among butterfies and blinking cows! The Camden Road is my game."

Jim sighed, and went on trundling his barrow. Well, there it was! If the woman he had married desired it, he must do what she wanted. In any case it was necessary to begin to save. But with Clara he found it exceedingly difficult to begin to save. She idled her day away, bought trinkets, neglected her domestic offices, went to the pictures, and sucked sweets. Any attempt to point out the folly of her ways only led to bitter recriminations, tears and savage displays of temper, even physical violence to her husband.

Then there came a day when Jim fondly believed that the conditions of their married life would be ameliorated. A child was born, a girl, and they called her Annie. Annie became the apple of his eye. He would hurry back from the shop to attend at Annie's bath. He would creep in at night and kiss the warm skin of her little skull. He would think of her as he potted around amidst his broken chairs and tables, and utter little croons of anticipatory pleasure. Annie! She would grow up and be the mainstay of his life. He would work and struggle for her. Her life should be a path of roses and happiness.

His wife, too, appeared to improve upon the advent of Annie. The baby absorbed her. She displayed a kind of wild-animal joy in its existence. She nursed it and fondled it, and did not seem to resent the curtailment of her pleasures. It was an additional mouth to feed; nevertheless their expenses did not seem to greatly increase, owing probably to Clara's modified way of living.

Two years of comparative happiness followed. Jim began to save. Oh! very, very slowly. He still had less than three hundred pounds put on one side for—that vague future of settled security. But still, it was a solid beginning. In another ten or fifteen years he would still be—well, not



HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WOULD BE IN THAT SUSSEX VALE—HOW PLEASANT TO SIT ON THE BANK AND FISH, ANNIE NESTLING BY HIS SIDE

quite an old man. If he could save only one hundred pounds a year!

It was at this period that Ted Woollams appeared on the scene. He was the son of a manager of a swimming-bath. On Sundays he used to box in "Fairyland" for purses of various amounts—he was a redoubtable middleweight. During the week he swaggered about Camden Town in new check suits, his fingers glittering with rings. He met Clara one evening at a public dance. The mutual attraction appears to have been instantaneous. They danced together the whole evening, and he saw her home.

And then began the squeezing out of the third side of the triangle. Jim was not strong enough for them. At first he professed to see nothing in the friendship. And Ted treated him with a certain amount of respect. He called in at odd times, stayed to meals, drank Jim's beer, and smoked Jim's tobacco. The triangle was quite intact. It was Annie who caused the first disruption. She disliked the prize-fighter, and screamed at the sight of him. This led to reprisals when he had gone, and Jim's championship of the child did not help to cement the always doubtful nature of the affection between husband and wife. There were cross words and tears, and once she pushed him over a chair and in the fall, he cut his temple.

A few days later Ted Woollams called in a great state of agitation. He wished to see Jim alone. It appeared that a wonderful opportunity had occurred to him. It was a complicated story about a quantity of bonded brandy which he had a chance of acquiring and selling at an enormous profit. He wanted to borrow fifty pounds till Saturday week, when he would pay Jim back sixty. Jim said he would lend him the fifty, but he didn't want any interest.

When Saturday week came, Ted said the deal had fallen through, but he would let him have the money back the following Saturday. In the meantime he came to supper nearly every night. Sometimes he drank too much beer. Then Clara began to dress for the part. She bought expensive frocks and had the accounts sent in to Jim. She neglected the child.

THE months drifted by, and Ted was always going to pay, but he became more and more part and parcel of the household. Jim's savings began to dwindle. He protested to both his wife and Ted, but they treated him with indifference. The boxer began to abuse his familiarity. He would frequently tell Jim that he was not wanted in the drawing-room after supper. When spoken to about the money he laughed and said: "Oh, you've got plenty, old 'un. Lend us another fiver."

This lopsided triangle held together for nearly four years. Jim was unhappy and distracted. He did not know how to act. He could not leave his wife, for the sake of the child. If he turned her out—and he had no legal power to do so—she would probably take Annie with her. And the child was devoted to him. They were great friends, and it was only this friendship which prevented his indulging in some mad act. Several times he ordered Woollams out of the house and forbade him to come again, but the boxer laughed at him and called him an old fool. He knew that his wife was practically keeping him. They went to cinemas together, and often disappeared for the whole day; but she always returned at night. It was sometimes two or three in the morning when she returned.

Jim had no proof of actual unfaithfulness. Neither could he afford to hire detectives, a course of action which, in any case, appeared to him distasteful. Far from saving a hundred pounds a year, he was spending more than his income. His savings had dwindled to barely forty pounds. His business was stagnant, but still he trundled his barrow hither and thither, calling out, "Old iron! Old iron!" and he struggled to pay the fair price.

During a great period of his life Jim had enjoyed an unaccountable but staunch friendship with a gentleman named Isaac Rubens. Isaac Rubens was a Jew in a business slightly similar to his, and he conducted a thriving trade at the corner of the Holy Angel Road. Isaac was in many respects a very remarkable man. Large, florid and puffy, with keen eagle eyes and an enormous nose, he was a man of profound knowledge of the history and value of objects of art. He was, moreover, a man of his word. He was never known to give or accept a written contract, and never known to break a verbal one.

The friendship between these two was in many respects singular. Isaac was a keen man of business and Jim was of very little use to him. Isaac's furniture was the real thing, with names and pedigrees. He did not deal in old iron, but in stones and jewels and ornaments. Nevertheless he seemed to find in Jim's society a certain pleasure. Jim would call on his rounds and, leaving his barrow out in the road, would spend half an hour or so chatting with the Jew across the counter.

Sometimes after supper they would call on each other and smoke a pipe and discuss the vagaries of their calling, or the more abstract problems of life and death.

When this trouble came upon Jim he immediately repaired to his friend's house and told him the whole story.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! this is a bad business! a bad business!" exclaimed Isaac, when it was over. His moist eyes glowed amidst the general humidity of his face. "How can I advise you? An erring wife is the curse of God. You cannot turn her away without knowledge. Thank God! my Lena—but there, among my people such lapses are rare. You have no evidence of unfaithfulness?"

"No."

"You must be gentle with her, gentle but firm. Point out the error of her ways."

"I'm always doing that, Isaac."

"She may get over it—a passing infatuation. Such things happen."

"If it wasn't for the child!"

"Yes, yes, I understand. Oh, dear! Very distressing, my friend. If I can be of any assistance—"

He thrust out his large hands helplessly. It is the kind of trouble in which no man can help another, and each knew it. Jim hovered by the door. "It's nice to have someone to—talk to, anyway," he muttered; then he picked up his cap and shuffled away.

Annie was nine when the climax came. An intelligent, pretty child, with dark hair and quick, impulsive manners. Her passionate preference for her father did not tend to smooth the troubles of the household. She saw very little of her mother.

One evening when Jim returned home late—he had been on a visit to his friend Isaac—he found Annie seated on the bottom stair, in her nightdress. Her face was pale and set, her eyes bright. She had been crying. When she saw her father, she gasped: "Daddy . . . Oh, Daddy!"

He seized her in his arms and whispered: "What is it, my dear?"

Then she cried quietly while he held her. He did not attempt to hurry her. At last she got her voice under control, and gasped quietly: "I had gone to bed. I don't know



ANY ATTEMPT TO POINT OUT THE FOLLY OF HER WAYS ONLY LED TO SAVAGE DISPLAYS OF TEMPER

why it was. I got restless in bed. I came down again softly. I peeped into the sitting-room. . . . Oh, Daddy!"

"What? What, my love?"

"That man. . . . That horrid man and—"

"Your mother?"

"Yes."

"He was—"

"He was kissing her—and—oh!"

Jim clutched his child and pressed her head against his breast.

"I went in . . . He struck me."

"What!"

"He struck me because I wouldn't promise not to tell."

"He struck you, eh? He struck you! That man struck—"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Where is he?"

"They're—up there now. I'm frightened."

"Go to bed, my love. Go to bed."

He carried her up the stairs and fondled her, and put her into bed.

"It's all right now, my love. Go to sleep. It's all right. Daddy will look after you."

Then he went downstairs.

A SOUND of laughter greeted him through the door of the sitting-room. He gripped the handle and walked deliberately in. Ted Woollams was stretching himself luxuriously on the sofa. His heavy, sensual face appeared puffy and a little mused. Clara was lying back in an easy chair. Jim did not speak. He walked up to Ted and without any preliminary explanation struck him full on the nose with his clenched fist. For a moment the boxer appeared more surprised than anything. His eyes narrowed; then the pain of the blow appeared to sting him. He rose from the sofa with a growl. As he advanced upon Jim the latter thought: "He's going to kill me. What a fool I was not to strike him with a poker!"

He thrust out his arms in an ineffectual defense. There was something horribly ugly, ugly and revolting in the animal-like lurch of the man bearing down on him. Jim struck wildly at the other's arms, at the same time thinking: "My little girl! I promised to look after her."

A jarring blow above the heart staggered him, and as he began to crumple forward, something came crashing to his jaw. He heard his wife scream; then darkness enveloped him.

A long and very confused period followed. His glimpses of consciousness were intermittent and accompanied by pain. He heard people talking, and they appeared strangers to him. There was a lot of talking going on, quarreling, perhaps. When he was once more a complete master of his brain, he realized abruptly that he was in the ward of a hospital. His jaw was

strapped up tight and was giving him great pain; a nurse was feeding him with milk through a silver tube. He wanted to talk to her, but found he could not speak.

Then he recalled the incident of his calamity. Well, he had been brought up in a hard school. Old iron! The instinct of self-preservation prompted him to bide his time. Doubtless his jaw was broken: a long job, but he would get well again. At the end of the journey Annie awaited him. What was the child doing now? Who was looking after her? He passed through periods of mental anguish and misgiving, and then long periods of drowsy immobility. Night succeeded day. To his surprise, on the following afternoon his wife appeared. She came and sat by the bed, and said:

"Going on all right?"

He nodded. She looked uneasily around, then whispered: "You needn't have taken on like that. Ted's going off to America tomorrow—fulfilling engagements."

Jim stared at the ceiling, then closed his eyes. Ted no longer interested him. He wanted Annie, and he could not ask for her. Clara stayed a few moments and vanished. Why had she come? Later in the day he was removed to the operating theater, and they reset his jaw. A long while later, he remembered a kindly-faced man in a white overall saying: "Well, old chap, who struck you this blow?"

He bent his ear down to Jim's lips, and the latter managed to reply: "A stranger."

Isaac came, hurried and concerned, and pressed his hand. "Well, well, I've found you, old friend! A neighbor told me. They say you must not talk. What can I do?"

Jim indicated with his hands that he wished to write something down. Isaac produced an envelope and a pencil, and Jim wrote: "Go and see my little gal Annie; send her to me; keep an eye on her."

Isaac nodded gravely, and went away.

THERE appeared an eternity of time before the child came, but when she did, all his dark forebodings vanished. She came smiling up the ward, and kissed him. They held each other's hands for a long time before she spoke.

"They would not tell me where you were. It was old Mr. Rubens. Oh, Daddy, are you getting better?"

Yes, he was getting better. Much better. During the last two minutes he had improved enormously. He felt that he could speak. He managed to mumble: "How are you, my love?"

"All right. Mother has been very cross. That horrid man has gone away. Mr. Rubens said you hurt your face. How did it happen, Daddy?"

"I slipped on the stairs, my dear, and fell."

Annie's eyes opened very wide, but she did not speak. He knew by her manner that she did not believe him. At the back of her eyes there still lurked something of that horror which haunted them on the night when she had discovered "that horrid man" embracing her mother. It was the same night that her father "slipped on the stairs." The child was too astute to dissociate the two incidents, but she did not want to distress him. "I shall come every day," she announced. He smiled gratefully.

From that day the convalescence of Jim Canning, although slow—was assured. Apart from the broken jaw he had suffered a slight concussion, owing to striking the back of his head against the wall, when he fell. The hospital authorities could not get out of him how the accident happened. Annie and Isaac Rubens were regular visitors, but during the seven weeks he remained in the hospital, Clara only visited him twice, and that was to arrange about money. On the day that he was discharged, he had drawn his last five pounds from the bank.

"Never mind, never mind," he thought to himself. "We'll soon get that back."

And within a few days he was again trundling his barrow along the streets, calling out in his rather high tremolo voice: "Old iron! Old iron!"

With the departure of Ted Woollams, Clara settled down into a listless prosecution of her domestic routine. She seldom spoke to her husband, except to nag him, or to grumble about their reduced circumstances; and these for a time were in a very serious state. Debts had accumulated, and various odds and ends in the house had disappeared while he had been in hospital. Clara was still smartly dressed, but Annie's clothes, particularly her boots, were in a deplorable condition.

Jim set to work, leaving home in the morning at seven o'clock and often not returning till eight or nine at night. Four months the financial position remained precarious—a period of hunger, and ill-temper, and sudden ugly brawls. But gradually he began again to get it under control. Clara had not lost her taste for good living, but she was kept in check by the lack of means. She was furtive, sullen and resentful. Jim insisted that whatever they had to go without, Annie was to continue with her schooling.

They never spoke of Ted Woollams, but Jim knew that he had only gone away for four or five months. Jim struggled on through the winter months, out in all weathers in his thin and battered coat. Sometimes twinges of rheumatism distorted his face, but he mentioned it to no one, not even Isaac.

It was in April that a sudden and dramatic change came into Jim's life. One morning he was alone in the shop. It was raining, and no customers had been in for several hours. Jim was struggling with the unsolvable problem of getting things straight and sorted out. Beneath a bed he came across a jumble of indescribable things: bits of iron and broken pots, nameless odd-shaped remnants covered with dust and grime. He sighed. He remembered this lot quite well. It had been a great disappointment to him. He had trundled his barrow all the way down to a sale in Greenwich, where he had been given the tip that there were some good things going. He had arrived late, and all the plums had been devoured by rival dealers. He had picked up this lot at the end of the sale for a few shillings; not that the things struck him as a good bargain, but because he did not want to feel that he had completely wasted his day. He had brought them back and dumped them under the bed. That was many months ago, long before he had been to the hospital—and there they had remained ever since.

JIM'S ideas of dusting were always a little perfunctory. With a small feather brush he flicked clouds of dust from one object to another. No, there was nothing here of any value, though that piece of embroidery might fetch five shillings, and the small oblong box which someone had painted a dark green might be worth a little more. He picked it up and examined it. A ridiculous notion to paint iron; but there! people were fools. Of course it might be copper or brass. In that case it would be worth more. He pulled out a long jack-knife and scraped the surface. The paint was old, but incredibly thick. It must have had a dozen coats or so. When he eventually got down to the surface he found a dark-blue color. He scraped a little more, and found some brown and white. "That's enamel," he said out loud—"an enamel box. Um! I'll show that to Isaac. An enamel box might be worth several pounds."

That evening, after supper, he wrapped the box up in a piece of newspaper and took it round to his friend. Isaac adjusted his thickest glasses and examined the spot where Jim had scratched. Then he went to the door and called out. "Lizzie, bring me some turpentine."

When the turpentine was brought, Isaac began to work away at the surface with a rag and penknife. His face was very red, but he made no remark, except once to mutter: "This paint alone is twenty or thirty years old."

It took him nearly half an hour to reveal a complete corner of the box. Then he sat back and examined it through a microscope. Jim waited patiently. At last Isaac put it down and tapped the table.

[Continued on page 26]



HE PICKED IT UP AND EXAMINED IT. "THAT'S ENAMEL," HE SAID OUT LOUD—"UM! AN ENAMEL BOX MIGHT BE WORTH SEVERAL POUNDS"

WOULD YOU WORK FOR A WOMAN BOSS?



WOMEN don't make good executives because neither men nor women like to be bossed by women. If women don't take kindly to being bossed by their own sex, how can men be expected to?

Just like that he said it.

And he ought to know whereof he speaks, for he is vice-president of a nationally known corporation, and in his particular care are five thousand men and women employees, ranking all the way from office boys and file clerks to the most highly trained specialists.

My conversation with—Mr. Howard, we shall call him—was the result of a lively after-dinner discussion started by Carol. Carol is a trim, attractive girl, all feminine charm to the outward eye—a charm that very successfully conceals the flinty ambition within.

She declared that, if the new executive in her department were a woman, she would resign.

"I don't like to work for women," she asserted, and no other reason would she give.

There was just time to wonder whether Carol feared that her attractive personality would not count for as much in the eyes of a woman boss as it would with a man, when another girl, who holds an enviable position with an advertising firm, backed up Carol by drawing a sarcastic picture of her first boss, a sour spinster who liked to have her inferiors grovel and cringe. Someone promptly recalled a masculine boss with similar tendencies. So the argument grew, and when the discussion broke up, one thing was plain: that although almost everyone was willing to take a rap at masculine domination, still, of the ten highly trained, ambitious, independent young women present, not one was ready to say that, all other things being equal, she would as soon work for a woman as for a man.

From a group of very modern girls, most of them intensely feminist, all working hard to be some day executives themselves, this seemed a very curious result—almost sex treachery!

Several men dropped in, and entered into the argument. "Would I work for a woman boss? Not if I knew it," emphatically pronounced a newspaper man. "Unless," he added with a smile, "I could choose the woman."

There was a moment's silence while he went back to the days of his cub reporting. "We had a woman city editor in Boston once. She was a good one, too. Nothing escaped her. But, gosh, how the reporters did hate her. When a woman is bossy, no man in the world can be bossier."

Be it said in passing, however, that few places of authority surpass the city editor's desk in temptations to slave-driving and small tyrannies.

Quite as typical of his kind was the reply of a sociologist, a labor expert. "Would I work for a woman? Certainly, if she could prove that she was a better man than I. But a woman must prove that she can do the work not only as well as any man available, but a lot better, in order to get a job at the top."

An ex-lieutenant had had sad experience. He twisted his face into a wry grimace and told of the woman who was boss of a military filing bureau during the war. "She was the perfect slave-driver," he said. "She nagged and drove everyone under her, and fussed eternally about little things that didn't matter. She never thought of saying: 'The colonel requests so and so.' 'I want you to do this or that' was her way. The stenographers hated her, and the officers drew cartoons of her. Women don't know how to boss, if you ask me."

THINGS looked bad for the woman boss. Nobody wanted her. Could it be that she, lacking the long tradition of business ways and methods, was in her newly acquired job like a child made monitor over a schoolroom in the teacher's absence—more tyrannical, more concerned about trifles, and at the same time less effective than the accustomed ruler? Or were her critics perhaps merely ascribing to her sex faults that both men and women executives occasionally display—faults made more irritating simply because the culprit was a woman?

While pondering these questions I met Mr. Howard, the corporation vice-president, who made the statement with which this article begins. He began to tell me of a survey he has just made of every job, large and small, in his organization—a survey intended to reveal the training each place takes, the demands it makes, its results, its cash value to the company, and just how well or how poorly it is being filled by the man or woman who holds it. He has made comparative studies of the work of five thousand men and women, and in general they do not favor women.

"I don't think women bosses are as good as men," said he—"in spite of the fact that there are several women executives in our organization who are doing just as much work and doing it just as well as men. We give them the same pay and the same credit. But in the main, the women don't compare with their brothers."

"The chief trouble with the woman boss is her unpopularity. Men naturally hate to be bossed by women. But

By Ruth Boyle

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMER STANLEY HADER

Her Own Sex Says—

THE woman boss is the world's worst failure. Haven't you heard women who work for her, say: "She's a perfect cat and a slave-driver," "She is always fussing?"

Is this mere sex treachery? Or are women really not qualified to be fair-minded bosses? Are all the cats and slave-drivers women?

Or are women, instinctive rivals in the game of love, logically enemies in business?

Ruth Boyle has analyzed the prejudice against women bosses, and has some pertinent things to say about it.

more than that, women don't like to work under women. Ninety per cent. of the girls we employ say they prefer to work under men. They seem to take justice for granted from men, while they are suspicious of women.

"Personally, I don't think women are as able administrators as men. They shirk responsibility. They may organize and supervise a department very well, but when it comes to taking risky leaps and making big decisions, they are afraid of making a mistake. So they turn to the source to which women have always turned for guidance: men. In addition, there are less important but none the less patent drawbacks in women for executive positions. Their percentage of days' absence, for example, is much greater than it is for men. Then they don't know how to use their leisure time judiciously. Many of them spend their hours out of office in cooking, sewing, cleaning or doing other exhausting work in order to economize, instead of using their evenings for developing recreation.

"However, I think the worst thing that can be said about the woman boss, is that her own sex doesn't welcome her."

I HAVE thought a good deal about what Mr. Howard said, not because his ideas are particularly new in themselves, but because they represent quite truly the attitude of ninety-nine business men out of every hundred.

And at first glance they form a rather damning indictment against the woman leader. But does it bear analysis? What part of it is mere prejudice? How much of it stands the test of impartial observation? To what extent is the bitter criticism of feminine managership due to mere unreasoning instinct, fostered through centuries of masculine domination, through generations of unquestioning acceptance of the dictates of Paul the Apostle?

Certainly, the assertion that men don't like to work for women is indisputable. Men are almost ashamed to work for women—not because they have tried out the woman boss and found her wanting—but because through long ages, dating back before the dawn of history, they have been taught to despise the leadership of women. "It's a silly flock where the ewe bears the bell," says the old proverb, and, "He who listens to the advice of a woman is a fool."

Even in our day, boys are brought up with notions of their own superiority in matters of business, so that many a young man would prefer to acknowledge as his chief a man with the mind of a

bootblack, rather than a woman with the vision of a general.

This inborn and unreasoning prejudice against women administrators might soon give way to nobler judgments, based on actual experience, were it not for the fact that men still have a monopoly of power in the workaday world. Places requiring talent, vision, strength are almost always solely within the gift of men. In order, therefore, for a woman to attain a position of responsibility and leadership, she must first prove to men, not only that she can do the job as well as a man, but that she can do it a good deal better.

The department store furnishes a good example. How slowly the masculine owners learned to put women buyers in charge of the purchase of women's clothes, instead of the old system of having a man in charge of buying, who was very largely dependent for his success on a woman assistant!

Men guard very jealously the old tradition of the stronger and weaker sex. They give way slowly to the new order, and stubbornly refuse to grant that, along with invading powder-puffs and petticoats, comes an acumen as keen as their own.

They are not to be blamed for their attitude, either. Why should they be expected to welcome a situation which will make doubly keen the competition for coveted seats of power?

But the disparagement of woman by woman is another matter, and far less comprehensible. Why should Carol and other young women like her—clever, able, ambitious girls—blithely announce to the world that they wouldn't work under a woman? It's the rare girl—the very rare girl—who honestly adds that the masculine association itself attracts her and adds stimulus to her job. Indeed, the contact between the mind of a woman and a man—clever, provocative, sympathetically stimulating—may spur each on to effective work. But because you have had that fortunate experience, do not conclude that all work with all men is similarly stimulating. The girl in the next office may be as thrilled over the mental charms and exemplary character of her woman boss. There is no sex in minds, to paraphrase Bernard Shaw.

THERE are too, a great many girls—the type labeled *men's women*—who are consciously arrayed against their own sex. If, as Henry James once remarked, a woman's success in life can only be estimated in the last analysis by the measure of her successes over men, then woman is really woman's enemy. Her rivals can never be her friends. Yet the last decade or so has led us to believe that the lady half-huntress, half clinging vine has succumbed to the new woman who is comrade and co-partner with man.

The average woman, like the average man, is a creature frequently more dominated by instinct than intelligence. The surviving remnant of that old sex rivalry may be at the bottom of this dislike of the successful business woman.

The typical girl who decries the leadership of woman is the girl who remembers one woman employer, holds her petty faults to light, and generalizes on the sex as a whole as too catty, or too partial, or too fussy, or too indecisive to produce good executives. She forgets that she has had also, as bosses, men who were cats, men who were snobs, bores, shirkers, procrastinators, or bears. She does not condemn the whole sex because of the unpleasant characteristics of a few. By no means. If Mr. Man Boss comes to the office morning after morning feeling edgy and unreasonable; if he shouts at the office boy, grunts at his stenographer and snaps at the clerks, does Miss Business Girl decide that men ought not to be bosses? Certainly not. She goes out, shutting the door very softly, and remarks:

"The Old Man's on the rampage this morning. Must have been out too late last night, but he'll be all right after lunch. It's just his way."

Now, why can't a woman be just as charitable to a woman boss? Why does she demand sweetness and justice and even temper eternally, only from the feminine wielder of authority?

Perhaps, simply because bred in the bone and blood of her, is a sense that every other woman is her rival in the sight of man; a reluctance to give another woman any advantage; an ancient mistrust grown to instinct through ages

[Continued on page 51]



"OH, I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL! BUT YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU." ROBERT KISSED HER HANDS IN PASSIONATE REPENTANCE AND ADORATION

TEMPTATION

By Sarah Bernhardt

TRANSLATED BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IN one night, the triumph of the play *Hearts Unreasoning* had made Robert d'Ormenge, young, unknown, assistant professor, one of the darlings of fortune and fashion. He was a new star in the Parisian firmament of art and letters. Notes, interviews, invitations poured upon him. The success that had so long been a dream to him and his little wife was now a reality, and it came like an earthquake to the shabby small apartment, where love and their dream had made them happy.

Their days no longer moved in the old rhythm of mornings spent together while Robert wrote and Arlette sewed, of afternoons saddened by his going to the Lycée, of evenings passed in long talks, punctuated by kisses. A thousand new experiences seized upon Robert, who bounded from bed, already late for appointments, and returned to dinner with so much to tell that Arlette's own adventures could not hold his attention. Her inexperienced search for an apartment suited to their new life, her encounters with agents and *concierges* and famous dressmakers and milliners remained untold, and Arlette, the little florist who had become the wife of a great man, set out among the pitfalls of society with no adviser but her sister, Georgina, the actress.

An afternoon in the second year of Robert's success found her in her own salon, receiving guests whose names were known to all Europe. Robert and she had agreed upon the decoration of the large room whose windows overlooked, beyond the delicate iron-work of their balconies, the trees of the Boulevard Malesherbes. With the common sense so well concealed by her curly, golden hair and childlike blue eyes, she had avoided the traps set by antique dealers for the *nouveau riche*, and Robert's cultivated taste had seconded her.

Nothing could have been a more charming background for the subtle gowns and black coats of Arlette's guests than the room that she and Robert had created. The walls were of red lacquer, lightly powdered with gold; the carpet was so darkly blue that it was almost black; and the Oriental rugs scattered upon it, united on their silky surfaces the colors of walls and carpet and of the orange *crêpe de Chine* and silver tissue that veiled the tall windows. An enormous divan against the wall held within its low soft arms heaps of cushions, as richly glowing as piles of precious stones. And this atmosphere of luxury and taste was filled with the low discreet murmur of conversation, of sharp words stabbing deftly, of laughter with two meanings, of vulgarities wrapped in delicate phrases, like cheap bonbons in silver paper.

A young journalist, sharp-eyed and eager-nosed as a hunting-dog was demanding of a group, "Who is that plump, pretty woman who is helping Madame d'Ormenge receive? The one with the jolly laugh, in a Gainsborough?"

"Her sister, Mlle. Georgina, the actress."

"I didn't know Mme. d'Ormenge's family was theatrical."

"Young man, there are many things one doesn't know," said a dry voice, and the journalist, turning, encountered the ironic gaze of the manager, Rambaud.

"Ah, good day, *maitre*."

"It is not necessary to call me that," said the ex-dramatist, smiling bitterly. "You know very well I have thrown away my pen."

"And will you tell me why?" suggested the journalist, hoping for a solution of the mystery. Rambaud adjusted his monocle, ceased to smile, elevated one eyebrow.

"You are interviewing me?"

The young man, silenced, bowed and prudently retired. A moment later he approached Arlette, talking with Mme. Lovary, a large Roumanian in sables. No one knew exactly what Mme. Lovary was doing in these circles, but no one dared snub her. Whenever, in a great house, invitations were being discussed, some one always said, "Don't forget Mme. Lovary. She would make us all the trouble in the world."

Mme. Lovary was saying to Arlette, "My dear madame, we do not see your husband?"

"No, madame, M. d'Ormenge is in London. He has gone to see an English actress of whom everyone is talking."

The reporter was all ears. "Ah! There is to be an English part in the new play, then?"

ARLETTE endeavored to retrieve the slip by the second mistake of candor. "Yes, M. Coutant, there will be an English part. But I beg you not to mention it in your paper. I am having the pleasure of receiving you as a guest today, not as a journalist."

The young man bowed. "Very well," he thought, "I will not mention it in my paper—but that does not prevent my writing it for another journal."

"And you are not jealous?" Mme. Lovary murmured in Arlette's ear.

"Jealous, madame! Of whom?"

"But—" and Mme. Lovary hesitated as though she knew more than she would say—"of your husband's success, perhaps?"

"I admire his talent too much, madame, to imagine being jealous of it." Smiling to hide the sting of these pin-pricks, she turned to Georgina who had signaled her. "Arlette, here is Mme. Doré."

Arlette went forward to welcome the new guest, a handsome woman with a crown of white hair, widow of a writer whose novels are known wherever books are printed. She was accompanied by her son Louis, a pamphleteer, already known to international politics. Mme. Doré's greeting was affectionate. "My dear, I am glad to see you! And M. d'Ormenge, is he still in England?"

"Yes, madame; he is staying longer than he planned. Every moment I expect a message announcing his return."

"I found it a delightful country," said Louis Doré. "England takes one in with the most charming hospitality."

"Yes," said a diplomat, coldly, from the heights of his white cravat, "England would take in the whole world."

"I was speaking, monsieur, of peoples, not of politics."

"Unfortunately, the character of peoples makes politics," replied the diplomat, and the conversation swept lightly and brilliantly across the map of Europe, while Arlette concealed with her smiles a growing loneliness. The journalist listened avidly to Mme. Lovary, who, behind a hand glittering with diamonds, recounted the latest scandals; and Rambaud, in the embrasure of a window, nursed his old hate. Cartige, sculptor of the famous *Eve and the Lotus*, surprised his glance and approached him maliciously.

"Just look, Rambaud, at the little Mme. d'Ormenge! What lines! What coloring! And such charming simplicity and grace!"

"Oh, well, each to his own taste," replied Rambaud.

"Ah! You do not like our hostess?" The sculptor, turning away, wondered what had been between Arlette and Rambaud, and he recalled that the appearance of *Hearts Unreasoning* had coincided with the end of Rambaud's dramatic career.

LEFT with Georgina after the last of the guests had gone, Arlette sank into a chair, sighing. "Well, it went off well enough, don't you think?"

"Real high life," said Georgina, who in private dropped into slang as a too fat woman takes off her corsets. "You're a wonder, Arlette. Who'd have dreamed, in the dear old days—?"

Arlette sighed again, looking about her at the salon which the afternoon had slightly disheveled. She felt that her own freshness had gone, too, and she remembered that in the days before she had prevented the robber Rambaud from stealing Robert's play and had made her husband a success, he would not have borne even the thought of going to England without her.

"Now don't try to put over the old gag, 'Riches don't bring happiness,'" said Georgina, sitting on the arm of the chair to hug Arlette. "*Mon dieu!* men are men, my dear, and women are women. Rich or poor, the world's alike. If you can be happy anywhere, you can be happy anywhere, yes?"

They both stiffened slightly, listening to the light step of the maid in the hall and the distant opening of a door. At the sound of Robert's voice, Arlette leaped from the chair and running across the room, threw her arms around his neck.

"There, there, child!" he said, laughing, kissing both pink cheeks and holding her away to look at the pretty face and soft curls. "Everything all right? You're prettier than ever, little witch!"

"Oh, Robert, Robert, I've missed you so!"

His laugh was tenderly indulgent, but his touch warned her that it was not the time for endearments. He turned to Georgina, who was already gathering up her bag and furs. Holding Robert's arm and leaning against the beloved coat-sleeve, Arlette felt a tiny pang at seeing her sister go away.

alone with the jaunty independence that was so dear to her, and seemed so lonely to Arlette. If only Georgina, too, had a wonderful husband!

"You'll shock the maid," said Robert.
"I don't care! It's so long since I've had you to myself." Arlette settled herself on his knee and put a butterfly kiss on the tip of his nose. "Now, Tell me every single thing about England. Was it fun? And did you see Stella Keanlow?"
"My dear, she was marvelous! I've got her for my Yvonne."

"Oh! I'm so glad!" Arlette's delight was sincere, for Robert's new play *Temptation* was of the greatest importance. Critics had hinted, amid their praises, that Robert d'Ormenge might be a "one-play man." He had made one startling success, but it must be followed by a second to place him definitely among the dramatists. It was most necessary that a good actress should create the part of Yvonne.

But Arlette's smile became a little forced. Robert seemed to be forgetting that his own wife was there on his knee, wanting to be admired, too. He talked on about the plays he had seen, the men he had met—and Arlette felt that behind his words, unspoken thoughts were busy. Then, suddenly, he must go. He had an appointment with the stage-manager, to discuss the play. To discuss Stella Keanlow, Arlette thought.

"Oh, Robert—our first evening?"

NOW, Arlette, dear!" he said in the tone one uses to a loved but naughty child. "You know I must. My success is just as much for your sake as for mine."

"You cabled the stage-manager, too, and you didn't cable me."

It was the coaxing pout that used to be quickly kissed away. "But, dearest," Robert explained patiently, "I had to make an appointment with him."

Arlette thought swiftly, "And you needn't bother to make an appointment with a wife," but she didn't say it.

"Very well," she said cheerfully, giving him her most sunny smile. With a twinge of remorse, he caught her in his arms. "You are adorable, adorable, darling! Try not to mind. And don't sit up, dear, for I don't know when I'll get back."

Brushing her hair alone before the dressing-table, Arlette thought with sad humor, "I suppose men can't help being stupid, the dear things!" Her eyes looked back at her from the clear depths of the mirror—eyes older and wiser than she had thought they were—and suddenly she felt that they were the only eyes in the world that saved her from intolerable loneliness. She leaned closer, closer, gazing into them until without warning they brimmed over with tears and, hiding her face in her folded arms, she sobbed, "Oh, Robert! Robert! I wish we were back in our little home together!"

She woke next morning feeling like a dawn after rain. Robert was sleeping beside her in the big carved mahogany bed, and she rose cautiously on one elbow to gaze down at his dear face against the pillow. He looked so boyish with his smooth hair rumpled and the tired lines around his eyes smoothed out by sleep. Her heart melted with tenderness, and she yearned to prolong forever that moment when, asleep beside her, he was wholly her own. But the maid tapped at the door and came in to open the windows, and Robert stirred, yawned, woke.

"Good morning, little wife!" he said, taking his cup from the breakfast tray. "What time is it?" Already, while he stirred his coffee, his thoughts had gone away from her to the theater and the new play. She lay watching him dress, loving the beauty of his slim, young body and fine, sensitive face; and when, remembering at the very threshold, he came back to kiss her good-by, she clung to him, forgiving everything.

Half an hour later, sitting on the edge of the bed and slipping her pink feet into slippers, she saw something on the floor beside the chair on which, the night before, Robert had carelessly flung his clothes. After a moment's thought she rose and slowly, incredulously, picked it up. It was a lace handkerchief, crumpled a little, stained in one corner with lip-stick, and exhaling a faint odor of *Fleur d'Amour*. Stella Keanlow!

The crash in Arlette's mind sent her whirling into darkness, and for an eternity she fell, dizzily, a roaring in her ears, through endless black space. Then, with a jerk, she found herself still standing in the familiar room. It looked strange, as though she saw it through a weird, gray light. There was a tight knot of pain in the center of her body, and she felt nauseated. She sat down. The maid, coming in an hour later, found her still sitting there. Then she rose, combed her hair, dressed, and went out to walk—seeing nothing, wanting only to keep moving. She was sure of only one thing: she must not let Robert know that she knew—until she knew more and could decide what to do.

IT was not impossible to conceal her feverishness from him; he was absorbed in the cast that was being chosen for the new play. The worst thing to bear was that now, when he told her where he had been, she wondered if he were telling the truth. That doubt was killing something precious in her, and for the first time she wondered if she would ever cease to love him. She felt sometimes that not loving him would be a joy like the ending of pain. Her whole being had begun a vigilance that hurt like the strain of taut muscles that may not relax. Not a gesture or word of his escaped her, and it was as though she were reading a printed page that she said one day, when he came home bright-eyed and whistling, "Stella Keanlow is coming?"

"Tomorrow morning," he answered, and then, surprised, "how did you know?"

"Oh, didn't you tell me something about it?" she said vaguely, intent on arranging a vase of flowers. After dinner that evening, her white elbows on the table and her fingers busily peeling a pear, she said: "Robert, won't you let me see a rehearsal some time?"

He gave his permission with the indifference of a man who thinks a request only a feminine whim that will be forgotten, and he was annoyed when she reminded him of it later. "Oh, I wouldn't if I were you. You won't enjoy it—with people arguing over things you don't understand. Better go for a drive in the sunshine."

"But, Robert, I want to!" she coaxed. "Please?"

"Well—but I tell you, you won't like it," he yielded, irritably.

Arlette's heart beat too fast and she felt a sense of suffocation when they reached the theater. She felt the dizziness of the gambler who, with his whole fortune on the table, awaits the stopping of the whirling ball. In a moment she would know whether Robert really cared for that woman. Beyond that, she had no plans.

Could she live, as so many women did, knowing that her husband was another woman's lover? Or would she have to descend to struggling for Robert's love as though it were a cheap thing to be bought with trickery, with luring glances and pretty hats and rouge? The knot of pain was tightening again in her body. Robert pushed open the orchestra door and she followed him into darkness.

She could see nothing, and stumbled against sharp corners of seats. Robert's hand guided her into one, and she began to see the dim tiers of velvet curtains, rising above her, and a cavern of darkness that was the stage. Robert called "Baulard!"

A figure appeared beyond the dark footlights.

"Ready?"

"We are waiting for you, *maitre*. Marcelin, the lights!"

ROWS of lights blossomed suddenly, revealing the empty house and the stage, gaunt and bare without curtains or setting. A stage-hand in a long black apron moved chairs about; the stage-manager, a roll of paper in his hand, followed him with his eyes, saying, "Window a little further left. Door right center back." There was a long wait.

"Ready?"

Robert demanded again. M. Baulard replied in a voice of cynical patience, "Mlle. Lanvally hasn't come yet, and as she opens the scene—"

"Oh, well—"

said Robert, lighting a cigarette. "I told you it would bore you, Arlette. If you want to go?" She shook her head. The orchestra door swung again and a tall woman came in briskly with a gust of fresh air.

Robert rose and she shook his

But whose then, was the handkerchief?

At that moment a young man rushed upon the stage, his turned-up coat collar and rumpled hair showing extreme agitation. "Parbleu! Aren't we beginning yet? Here I dragged myself out of bed to get here on time. If I'd known it, I could have slept another hour. Believe me, when I was leading man with—"

"Well, it's only two o'clock," Robert interrupted.

"And the rehearsal was called for one-thirty," M. Baulard remarked, and in the silence that followed, a woman's voice was heard in the wings. "That Vivette Lanvally—"

"Yes, dearie?" interrupted a sweetly piercing voice. "Saying nice things behind my back, as usual?"

"Oh, here you are! Where've you been?" demanded the first speaker.

"Zut! There's black on your nose from other people's business."

"Yes, Vivette, any nose would be black that poked into your affairs."

On the stage, Baulard was saying, "All ready! Take your cues! Scene 8." He had struck the first of the three raps that announce the raising of the curtain, when a girl ran lightly out on the stage, exclaiming, "Wait a minute! First I must say good afternoon to my author!" She ran down the steps from the stage and taking possession of Robert with her eyes said coaxingly, "You aren't really angry?"

Her eyes were brown-green pools between thick black lashes, and her parted red lips showed white teeth, small and pointed. Her face was as vivid, as arresting and changeable as water in sunlight. She radiated the charm of a girl who has been created to conquer men by her beauty and knows it—and she brought with her a wave of *Fleur d'Amour* perfume.

"You are three-quarters of an hour late, mademoiselle," Robert answered weakly.

"Oh, but you won't scold me? You know I only care about the play. I was seeing about my costumes."

"You're a dear, I knew you'd understand." She turned swiftly to Arlette, shaking back her mass of short, black hair and tumbling it into her eyes again in acknowledging Robert's introduction. "My dear madame, I'm so sorry I'm late. If I'd known you were to be here—Yes, yes, M. Baulard—coming!" She ran up the steps and took her place in the scene.

"An interesting type," Robert remarked, uneasily. Arlette, straining in her effort to control herself, answered bravely, "Yes, charming."

"You think so?" Robert exclaimed, surprised.

DON'T you?" He gave her a quick, strange glance and did not reply. On the stage the scene went on, interrupted at every line by directions, mistakes, arguments. Arlette twisted her handkerchief into knots and looked on, seeing nothing. Her one thought was that she must control herself, and she felt it was like controlling a cage of wild beasts.

Gradually, out of the mists before her eyes, the stage became real again and she saw that Vivette and Stella Keanlow were doing the big scene of the play, the scene where Yvonne, the wife, meets the girl who has stolen her husband. At that meeting Yvonne, almost motionless, hardly speaking, conquered the girl by sheer force of her strong personality. It was a scene of the greatest delicacy and power; if it could be created in flesh and blood before the audience, it would make Robert the foremost dramatist of his time.

But Arlette could see that it was not going well. There was friction between Stella Keanlow and Vivette; and in a hundred small ways, by speaking too quickly, moving at the wrong instant, Vivette was taking the scene away from the wife. Baulard, perspiring, his collar off, his hair rumpled, swore and argued, commanded and pleaded, while Vivette shook her mop of hair and flashed mutinous eyes and Stella Keanlow showed a gathering rage. The afternoon wore away. At last Baulard furiously threw his cane across the stage and ended the rehearsal.

"I'm sorry it didn't go better," Stella Keanlow said to Arlette, while Robert spoke to Baulard.

"At least, Miss Keanlow, you did the best one could with—with the situation." Arlette had not known that her eyes revealed her own misery until she saw in the older woman's face understanding and sympathy. She looked away and tried to keep her lips from quivering.

"The play is very true to life," Stella Keanlow said at last. "How often a silly, little girl tries to capture a man's fancy! And the best of men are so stupid about it. But at the bottom, it's the wife that holds his heart."

"You don't think silly little girls are—really important, then?"

"Not really, my dear. They always defeat themselves—or are defeated—in the end."

It was the only bit of comfort that Arlette had through the weeks that *Temptation* was in rehearsal. She grew thinner and lost her lovely color, but she told herself that she must not lose her courage. There was nothing she could do yet; to speak to Robert would be disastrous. If only Robert could see that Vivette was flattering him because he was the author and could be useful to her! But Robert, blind and interested, was walking further into the trap every day. Still loyal to Arlette, he was held by a loyalty that grew weaker without his knowing it; a sudden shock might break it. It had come to the point where Arlette was afraid to challenge the girl in Robert's sight.

Paris, with a cynical smile, watched and drew its own conclusions. Mme. Lovary ventured to sympathize with Arlette, was met with cold surprise, and hastened away to whisper to everyone behind her jeweled hand. Louis Doré made an epigram about Vivette that was quoted everywhere, and his mother told her friends that Robert did not deserve his lovely wife. Rambaud, seeing Arlette driving one day on the Champs Elysées, stopped her for a moment's conversation and, standing beside the carriage with his hat in his hand, said with a malicious smile, "I have just had the pleasure of meeting your husband and that charming little actress, Mlle. Lanvally."

"Yes?" Arlette replied, smiling. "She is indeed charming. We like her very much."

From such encounters she came home to a husband whose own unhappiness was making him moody and irritable. His attempts to hide his bad temper from Arlette

(Continued on page 30)



"AND THAT'S NOT ALL!" VIVETTE CRIED IN SUDDEN FURY. "I TELL YOU D'ORMENGE IS CRAZY ABOUT ME—"

hand with a quick, frank gesture. "Miss Stella Keanlow—my wife."

Arlette felt her hand clasped in smooth, strong fingers. "Very glad, I'm sure. You'll tell me frankly if you think I'm not getting the character, won't you?"

Her gray eyes were as sincere as her low voice. From the neat suit, the plain hat, the crisp white blouse, there came a suggestion of cleanliness and outdoor freshness that seemed an emanation of her personality. The faintly withered skin of the actress, crumpled like smoothed-out tissue paper by constant use of make-up, did not spoil the impression of candor, intelligence and humor that was Stella Keanlow's charm. In her bewilderment, Arlette felt a great surge of relief and thanksgiving. Her suffering had all been a nightmare. This English actress was a woman to trust.



WHAT A LIFE THEY WOULD HAVE . . . SHE AND NEALE TOGETHER . . . EUGENIA CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER FACE IN THE MIRROR . . . THAT RADIANT, YOUNG FACE, HERS

THE BRIMMING CUP

By Dorothy Canfield

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

The First of the Story

DON'T you know whether we hate each other, you and I?"

Marise and Neale Crittenden are married. They have been happy. Yet, at the end of ten years, they face each other with this question. Is there, then, something wrong with this marriage that it cannot stand the test of years?

Neale has been away on business. During his absence, Mr. Welles and Vincent Marsh come to live in the small Vermont town. Marise's youngest child has just started school. Freed suddenly from her pressing cares, she is restless, discontented. It is the psychological moment. Marsh, overpowering, unconventional, direct, falls in love with her. He challenges her old ideas of marriage—of her duty to husband and children.

Does her marriage satisfy her? Is her life cramped, wasted? Sensitive, impressionable, Marise fears herself. For the first time since his return, Marise is alone with Neale. Will he help her?

Other characters are: Eugenia Mills, a sophisticated New York friend visiting Marise; Nelly and Gene Powers, a local couple, whose married life has reached a crisis; old Aunt Hetty, who brought up Marise; Touclé, an old Indian servant.

CHAPTER NINE

Beside the Onion-Bed
July 10

DON'T you know whether you really love Elly and Mark and Paul?" Neale asked. "If you don't, I should think a few minutes' thought and recollection of the last ten years would tell you, all right. Don't you know whether we hate each other, you and I?"

Marise drew a long breath of relief. This was what she had wanted. She clutched at the strong hand which seemed at last held out to her. "Oh, then, Neale, you don't believe any of that talk then, do you?"

He withdrew the hand. "Yes, I do believe a good deal of it. What I'm saying—what I'm always thinking, dear, and trying my best to live, is that everybody must decide for himself what to believe about his own life and its values."

She approached along another line: "But, Neale, that's all very well for you, because you have so much withstand- ingness. But for me, there are things so sacred, so intimate, that only to have some rough hand laid on them . . . it frightens me so! And they don't seem the same again.

Aren't there things in life so high and delicate that they can't stand questioning?"

He considered this a long time. "I can't say for you," he finally brought out, "you're so much finer and more sensitive than I. But I've never, in all these years, seen that your fineness and your sensitiveness makes you any less strong. I don't see that there is any reason to think there's weakness in you that need make you afraid to look at facts."

This took her breath. She could only look at him in speechless gratitude. Finally she said falteringly, "You're too good, Neale, I don't deserve it. I'm awfully weak, many times."

"I wouldn't say it, if it weren't so," he said—"and I didn't say you weren't weak sometimes. I said you were strong when all was said and done."

Even in her hush of emotion, she had an instant's inward smile at the Neale-like quality of this. She went on: "But really don't you think there is such a thing as spoiling beautiful things with handling them, with questioning them? For instance, when somebody says that children in a marriage are like driftwood left high on the rocks of a dwindled stream, tokens of a flood-time of passion now gone by . . ."

She did not tell him who had said this, but she thought by his expression that he knew it had been Vincent Marsh.

He said heartily, "I should just call that a nasty-minded remark from somebody who didn't know what he was talking about. And let it go at that!"

"There, you see," she told him, "that rouses your instinct to resist—to fight back. But it doesn't mine. It just makes me sick."

MARISE, I'm afraid you have to fight for what you want to keep, in this world. I don't see any way out of it. And I don't believe anybody can do your fighting for you. You ask if it isn't possible to have beautiful intimate things spoiled by questioning, criticisms, doubts. Yes, I do think it is, for young people, who haven't learned anything of life at first hand. I think they ought to be protected till they have been able to accumulate some actual experience of life. But I don't see that mature people ought to be protected, unless you want to keep them childish, as women used to be kept. Nothing is your own, if you haven't made it so, and kept it so."

"But, Neale, it's so sickeningly hard. Why do it? Why, when everything seems all right, why go and pry into the deep and hidden roots of things? I don't want to think about such a horrible possibility as sexual attraction between parents and children; or the question of what may happen to married people's feeling toward each other as they get older. It's soiling to my imagination. What's the use?"

She focused all her personality passionately to force him to answer as she wished.

He fell into another thoughtful silence, glanced up at her once sharply, and looked down again. She always felt afraid of him when he looked like that. No, not afraid of him, but of the relentless thing he was going to say. Presently he said it. "What's the use? Why, the very fact you seem afraid of it, shows there would be some use. To turn your back on anything you're afraid of, that's fatal, always. It springs on you from behind."

She cried out to him in a sudden anguish that was beyond her control: "But suppose you face it and still it springs!"

HER aspect, her accent, her shaken voice gave him a great start. He faced her as though he saw her for the first time that day. And he grew very pale as he looked. Something wordless passed between them. Now he knew at last what she was afraid of. But he did not flinch. He said in a harsh voice: "You have to take what comes to you in life," and was grimly silent.

Then with a gesture as though he put away something incredible, he went on more quietly, "But my experience is that it doesn't dare spring if you walk right up to it. Generally you find you're less afraid of everything in the world, after that."

She wondered passionately, amazedly, if he had really understood all the dagger-like possibilities of their talk.

"Neale," she challenged him, "don't you put any limits on this? Isn't there anywhere you'd stop—nothing too hallowed?"

"Nothing. Nothing." He answered, his face pale, his eyes deep and enduring. "It's lying down, not to answer the challenge when it comes. How do you know what you have to deal with and depend on, if you won't look and see! You may find that something you have been trusting is growing out a poisonous or useless root. That does happen. What's the use of pretending it doesn't and what's the use of having lived honestly, if you haven't grown strong enough and brave enough to do whatever needs to be done! If you are scared by the idea that your motherhood may be only inverted selfishness or that the children would be better off in other hands, or—at any other terrifying possibility in our life here, for God's sake look into your own heart and see for yourself. It all sounds like nonsense to me—"

She snatched at the straw, she who longed so for help. "Oh, Neale, if you don't think so, I know."

"I won't have you taking my word for it!" he said roughly. "I can't tell what's back of what you do. Nor can anybody else. Nobody on earth can make your own

decisions for you, but you yourself." The drops stood out on his forehead as he spoke, and ran down his pale face.

She quivered and was silent for a moment. Then, "Neale, where shall I get the strength to do that?" she asked.

He looked full in her face, "I don't know anywhere to go for strength, but out of one's naked human heart," he said. "Maybe you can find something else."

She shrank from the rigor of this with a quail of actual fear. "I think I must have something else."

"I don't know," he returned, "I can't help you there, dear. But I know as well as I know anything on earth, that anything that's worth having in anybody's life—parenthood, marriage, love, ambition—can stand any challenge it can be put to. If it can't, it's not valid, and ought to be changed or discarded." His gaze on her was immeasurably steady.

She longed unspeakably for some warming, comforting assurance of help; some heartening, stimulating encouragement along that stark, bleak way.

They were standing up now, both pale, looking profoundly into each other's eyes. Something terrible, almost palpable, of which not a word had been spoken aloud came and stood there between them, and through it they looked at each other.

They had left words far behind now, in the fierce velocity of their thoughts. And yet with the almost physical unity of their years of life together, each knew the other's thoughts.

She flung herself against him as though she had cried out to him. He put his arms, strongly, tenderly about her as though he had answered.

With no words she had cried out, silently, desperately to him, "Hold me! Hold me!"

And with no words, he had answered, silently, desperately, "No one can hold you but yourself."

A shouting babble of voices rose in the distance. The children crying to each other, came out of the house door and raced down the flagstoned walk. "There they are in the garden! By the onion-bed! Father! Mother! We've been looking for you everywhere. Touclé says if you'll let her she'll boil down some maple sirup for us to wax on ice for dessert."

They poured into the garden, children, cat, and fox-terrier, noisy, insistent, clamorous. Mark, frankly jealous always of his mother's attention, pushed in greedily between his parents, clinging to his mother's knees. He looked up in her face, and laughed out. "Oh, Mother, what a face! You've been conspiring, and then you've wiped your forehead with your dirty hands, the way you say I mustn't! How funny you look! And you've got a tear in your sleeve, too." Behind them, tiny, smooth and glistening, Eugenia Mills strolled to the edge of the garden, as far as the flagstones went and stood waiting, palpably incapable of taking her delicate bronze slippers on the dusty path. "You've missed a call from that lively old Mrs. Powers and her handsome daughter-in-law," she announced casually. "They brought some eggs, Touclé says. What a stunning creature that Nelly is! There's temperament for you! Can't you imagine the smoldering fire hidden under that silent scornful manner of hers?"

MOTHER, may we tell Touclé to put the sirup on to boil?" begged Elly. Her hair was tangled and tousled with bits of bark sticking in it, and dried mud was caked on her hands and bare legs.

Marise thought of the repugnance she must have aroused in Eugenia.

"Mother," said Paul, "Mr. Welles is going to give me a fishing-rod, he says. A real one!"

"Oh, I want one, too!" cried Mark, jumping up and down, "I want one, too!"

"You're too little. Mother, isn't Mark too little? And anyhow he always breaks everything. You do, Mark, you know you do. I take care of my things."

Someone in the confusion stepped on the fox-terrier's toes and he set up a shrill, aggrieved yelping.

"Good-evening, Mr. Marsh," said Eugenia, looking over her shoulder at the dark-haired figure in flannels, approaching from the other house. She turned and strolled across the grass to meet him, as white and gleaming as he.

A sick quail of self-contempt shook Marise. For high and clear above everything else, there had come into her mind a quick discomfort at the contrast between her appearance and that of Eugenia.

CHAPTER TEN

Massage Cream. Theme and Variations
July 20

THE hardest thing about these days for Eugenia was to keep her self-control, in her own room. Of course it was always easy enough, with the stimulant of people looking at you. But she had not for years been so nearly out of hand when alone. A dozen times a day she glanced into the mirror and was horrified to see the deep lines of thought, of hope, of impatience, crisscrossing fatally on her face.

Then she would sit down before her dressing-table, go through these mental and physical relaxing exercises that last winter's lecturer had explained, let her head and shoulders and arms droop, while she thought of far and dreamy and lovely things. But half an hour afterward, as she lay on the chaise longue by the window, reading, she would suddenly find that she was not thinking of what was on the page at all, but of Marise's eyes when she and Marsh talked about the essential indifference of children to their parents.

And then she would know, by the stir of her pulse, that probably she had lost control of her face again and, going to the mirror, would catch it all wrinkled in an anguish of eagerness!

But if there was one thing life had taught Eugenia, it was patience and perseverance. She sat down again before the mirror, dismissed Marise and Neale from her thoughts (she had certainly had enough practise in that in the course of the last twelve years), let her head and her shoulders and her arms go limp and fixed her mind on beautiful things again, the way the New Thought teacher had told her. Then she glanced at her face cautiously in the glass, and reached for the carved ivory pot of massage cream.

She decided that she would sew a little, instead of reading. The lace in her net dress needed to be changed. She opened a gleaming lacquer box, and took out the little thimble that was a masterpiece of North Italian gold-work. What a revelation it might be to Neale, how a woman could make everything she touched exquisite—to Neale who had only known Marise, subdued helplessly to the roughness of the rough things about her. But none of that, none of that! She would be in the danger-field again! What could she think of? Of lace perhaps. She fancied that she was the only American woman of her acquaintance who had the least culture in the matter of lace—except Marise of course.

How could Marise have let life coarsen her, as she had, and fall into such common ways, with her sunburned hair and her roughened hands? How long would it be before Neale . . . No! None of that! What had she been thinking about? Lace . . . What was it about lace? Her mind balked, openly rebellious. She could not make it think of lace again.

Well, she would try on the new hat which had just come from New York. She had been waiting for a leisurely moment.

With the hat in her hand, her very eyes on it, she saw there before her, as plainly as though in a crystal ball, Marise's attitude as she and Marsh had stood together, the evening before, at the far end of the garden. The way Marise stood, the poise of her head, all of her, listening intently.

One could see how he was dominating her. A man with such a personality as his, and practised in handling women, he would be able to do anything he liked with an impressionable person like Marise. He could put any idea he liked into Marise's head, just by looking at her hard enough. She had seen him do it . . . helped him do it for that matter! And Neale must have seen. Anybody could. And yet he was not raising a hand, nor so much as lifting an eyebrow, just letting things take their course. What could that mean except that he would welcome . . . ? Oh, heavens, here was her pulse hammering again. Yes, the mirror showed a face that scared her, haggard and pinched with a fierce desire. There were not only lines now, there was a hollow in the cheek—or was it a shadow?—that made her look a thousand years old. Massage would do that no good. She took up her hand-mirror, ivory framed with a carved jade bead hanging from it by a green silk cord, and went to the window to get a better light on her face. She examined it, holding her breath, and sighed, relieved. It had been only a shadow!

But what a scare it had given her! What unending vigilance it took to protect yourself from deep emotions. Another one was there, ready to spring—the suddenly conceived possibility that there was some active part she might play. If some chance for this offered—a word might be perhaps something to turn Marise from Neale—perhaps . . . She cast this idea off with shame. What vulgar, raw things would come into your head, when you let your mind roam idly! Like cheap melodrama—

She would try the deep-breathing exercise this time, to quiet her. She lay down flat on the bed for this, breathing slowly, her eyes fixed on the ceiling. And into her mind there slowly slid a cypress-shaded walk, with Rome far below on one side and a sun-ripened, golden, old wall on the other. She stood there with Marise, both so young! And down the path toward them came a tall figure, with a bold clear face, a tender, full-lipped mouth, and eyes that both smiled and were steady.

Helplessly she watched him come, groaning in spirit at what she knew would happen, but she could not escape, till the ache in her heart swelled and broke, as she saw that his eyes were for Marise and his words and all of his very self, for which she . . .

So many years—so many years—with so much else in the world—not to have been able to cure that one ache—and she did not want to suffer. The tears rose brimming to her eyes and ran down. She got up from the bed, clenched her hands tightly and stood in the middle of the floor, gathering herself together.

Down with it! Down! Just now at this time, when such an utterly unexpected dawn of a possible escape—to give way again!

She thought suddenly, "Suppose I try letting myself go, not resisting." It was worth trying. She sat down in a chair, her elbows on the dressing-table and let herself go—wholly, as she had been longing to do, ever since she had first intercepted that

magnetic interchange of looks between Marsh and Marise.

How easy it was to let yourself go! It was like sailing off above the clouds on familiar wings, though it was the first time she had tried them . . . Marise fallen wholly under Marsh's spell, run away, and divorced; Neale would never raise a hand against her doing this, as she had gathered from his aloof attitude that it was nothing to him one way or the other. Any man who cared for his wife would fight for her, of course! And it was so manifestly the best thing for Marise that there could be no disturbing regret or remorse to disturb the perfection of this adjustment to the Infinite. Then the children away at school for all the year, except a week or two with their father . . . fine modern schools, the kind where the children were always out of doors. Florida in winter and New England hills in summer—those schools were horribly expensive, but what was all her money for? She could not face her dreams.

Then Neale, freed from slavery to those insufferable children, released from the ignoble grinding of his insignificant business, free to roam the world as she knew he had always longed to do . . . what a life they would have . . . India with Neale . . . China, Paris . . . They would avoid Rome perhaps . . . Norway in summer-time. Think of seeing Neale fishing a Norway salmon brook . . . She and Neale on a steamer together . . . together.

She caught sight of her face in the mirror . . . That radiant, triumphant young face, hers!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Home Life
July 20

THE heat was appalling, even in the morning, right after breakfast. There were always three or four such terrific days, even up here in the mountains.

And of course this had to be just the time that Touclé went off for one of her wandering disappearances. Marise could tell that by the aspect of the old woman as she entered the kitchen, her reticule bag bulging out with whatever mysterious provisions she took with her.

Marise felt herself in such a nervously heightened state of sensitiveness to everything and everybody these days, that it did not surprise her to find that, for the first time, she received more than a quaint and amusing impression from the queer little old aborigine. Touclé, in her absent-minded way, opened the screen door, stepped out into the torrid glare of the sunshine and, a stooped, feeble old figure, trudged down the path.

"Where does she go?" thought Marise, and, "What was that expression on her face?" Impulsively she followed. "Touclé! Touclé!" she called.

The old woman turned and waited till she had overtaken her. As she had followed, Marise had regretted her impulse, and wondered what in the world she could find to say, but now that she saw the expression in the other's face, she cried out longingly, "Touclé, where do you go that makes you look peaceful?"

The old woman glanced at her, a faint surprise appearing on her deeply lined face. She stood for a long moment, thinking, then sat down on the grass, under a maple-tree, and motioned Marise to sit beside her. She meditated a long time and then said hesitatingly: "I don't know as a white person could understand."

She sat, her broad dusty feet straight before her, her thick, horny eyelids dropped over her eyes, her scarred old face carved into innumerable deep lines. Marise wondered if she had forgotten that anyone else was there. She noticed black thunder-clouds rolling up over the Eagle Rocks. Then the old woman said, her eyes still dropped, "I tell you how my uncle told me, seventy-five years ago. He said people were like fish in an underground brook, in a black cave. There was a place, away far off from where they ate and lived, where they could get, through a crack, a glimpse of what daylight is. And about once in so often they needed to swim there to look out at the daylight. If they didn't, they'd lose their eyesight from being always in the dark. He said that a lot of Indians didn't care whether they lost their eyesight or not, so long as they could go on eating and swimming around. But good Indians did. He said that as far as



DIDN'T HE HAVE THE NERVE! SHE WENT TO THE DOOR, OPENING IT A CRACK, TIPPING HER HEAD FORWARD



FRANK'S VOICE CAME UP THE STAIRS: "NELLY, COME DOWN HERE. I WANT TO ASK YOU SOMETHING"

he could make out, none of the white folks cared. He said maybe they'd lost theirs, altogether."

Without a move of her unlovely, old body, she turned her deep, black eyes on the quivering, beautiful woman beside her. "That's where I go," she answered. "I go off to be by myself and get a glimpse of what daylight is."

She got up and without a backward look, trudged slowly down the dusty road. Marise saw her turn into a wood-road that led up toward the mountain, and disappear. Her heart was burning as she looked. Nobody would help her in her need. Toule went away to find her peace and left her. Neale stood . . .

A CHILD'S shriek of pain and loud calls for "Mother! Mother!" sent her back, running breathlessly to the house. Mark had fallen out of the swing and the sharp corner of the board had struck him. "In the eye! In the eye!" he said, shrieking and holding both hands frantically over his left eye. It might be serious, might have injured the eyeball. Marise snatched up the screaming child and carried him into the kitchen. She opened the first-aid box on the shelf, snatched out a roll of bandage and a length of gauze, and wet the gauze in cold water. Then she tried in vain to induce him to take down his hands. She could feel all his little body quivering and taut. She herself responded nervously to his state, felt herself tighten up, and knew that she was equally ready to shake him furiously or to burst into tears of sympathy for his pain.

Wait now . . . wait . . . What was the thing to do for Mark? For Paul it would have been talk of the bicycle he was to have for his birthday; for Elly, a fairy-story; for Mark—oh, yes, of course. "Listen, Mark," she said in his ear, "Mother's learned a new song, a new one, awfully funny." She put her arms about him, and began, hearing herself with difficulty through his cries. *On yonder hill there stands a damsel, Who she is I do not know—*

"How preposterous we must sound if Eugenia is listening," she thought—"out-yelling each other this way."

I'll go and court her for her beauty, She must answer yes or no. As usual Mark fell helplessly before the combination of music and story. His cries diminished in volume. She said in his ear, "And then the lady says—" She tuned her voice to a young-ladyish, high sweetness and sang:

My father was a Spanish Captain, Went to sea a month ago—

Mark made a great effort and choked down his cries to heaving sobs as he tried to listen.

First he kissed me, then he left me, Bade me always answer no.

She told the little boy now, looking up at her out of the one eye not covered by his hands, "Then the gentleman says to her—" She made her voice loud and hearty and bluff: *Oh, madam, in your face is beauty, On your lips red roses grow;*

Will you take me for your lover? Madam, answer yes or no.

She explained, in an aside to Mark—"But her father had told her she must always answer just the one thing, so she had to say—" She tuned up in the lady's key again, and sang:

Oh, no, John, no, John, no.

Mark drew a long, quivering breath through parted lips and sat silent, his one eye fixed on his mother, who sang in the lusty voice: *Oh, Madam, since you are so cruel, And that you do scorn me so, If I may not be your lover Madam, will you let me go?*

And in the high, prim voice, she answered herself,

Oh, no John, no John, no John, no.

A faint smile hovered on Mark's flushed face. He leaned toward his mother as she sang, and took down his hands so that he could see her better. Marise noted instantly, with an exclamation of relief, that the angry mark was quite outside the eye-socket, harmless, on the bone at one side. Why did she get so frightened each time? She applied the cold compress on the hurt spot and put out her hand for the bandage-roll, singing with mock solemnity, in the loud voice:

Oh, hark, I hear the church-bells ringing

Will you come and be my wife?

She pinned the bandage in place at the back of Mark's head—

Or, dear Madam, have you settled

To live single all your life?

She gathered the child up to her, his head on her shoulder, his face turned to her, his bare little legs wriggling and soiling her white skirt, and sang rollickingly,

Oh, no John, no John, NO!

"There, that's all," she said in her natural voice, looking down at him. She told herself rebelliously, "I've expended enough personality and energy on this performance to play a Beethoven sonata," and found that she was quoting something Vincent Marsh had said the day before.

THERE was a moment while the joke slowly penetrated to Mark's six-year-old brain. And then he laughed out, delightedly, "So he did make her say all the same as yes, after all. Oh, Mother, that's a beauty! Sing it again! Now I know what's coming, I'll like it such lots better."

Marise cried out in outraged protest, "Mark! when I've sat here for ten minutes singing to you, and all the work to do yet?"

"You could sing it as you get the dinner," said Mark, "and I'll help you."

Marise smothered an impulse to shout to the child, "No, no, go away, I can't have you bothering around. I've got to be by myself, or I don't know what will happen!" She

looked down on the tousle-headed little boy, with the bandage around his head, and drearily summoned her self-control. "All right, Mark, that's so. I could sing while I peel the potatoes. You could wash them for me, too. That would help."

They installed themselves for this work. The acrid smell of potato parings rose in the furnace-like heat of the kitchen, along with the two singing voices, asking and answering each other.

Paul burst in now, saying, "Mother, Mother—my pig has lice. You can just see them crawling under his hair. And I got out the oil Father said to use, but I don't see how ever in the world you're going to get your pig to stand still while you rub it on. When I try, he just squeals and runs away and hides."

Marise said with decision, from where she stooped before the open ice-box door, "Paul, if there is anything in the world I know nothing about, it is pigs. I haven't the faintest idea what to do." She shut the heavy door with a bang and came back toward the stove with a raw, red piece of uncooked meat on a plate.

"Oh, how nasty meat looks," said Mark, with an accent of disgust.



HE WAS KIND OF FUNNY, GENE WAS—AND IT WAS A SORT OF BOTHER TO HAVE HIM SO CRAZY ABOUT HER STILL

"You eat it with a good appetite when I've cooked it," remarked his mother, somewhat grimly, putting it in a hot pan over the fire. An odor of searing fibers and smoke and frying onions rose up in the hot still air of the kitchen.

"Please, Mother, please!" begged Paul.

"Please what?" asked Marise, who had forgotten the pig. "Henry," said Paul. "If you could see how he scratches and scratches—"

WOULDN'T Eugenia or Vincent Marsh love this conversation?" thought Marise, turning the meat in the pan and starting back from the spatters of hot fat. Through the smoke and smell and heat, the constant dogging fear and excitement that beset her, and the ceaseless twanging of her nerves, there traveled to her brain the question, "What is it makes Paul care so much about this?" And the answer, "It comes from his feeling of personal responsibility. That mustn't be hindered." Aloud she said in a neutral tone, "Paul, I don't think I can do a thing for you and Henry, but I'll go with you and look at him, and see if I can think of anything; just wait till I get this and the potatoes in the fireless-cooker." You go sweep off the front porch and straighten up the cushions and chairs and things and water the porch-box geraniums, and I'll be ready."

He disappeared, whistling loudly, *Massa's in the cold, cold ground.*

Marise hoped that Elly was not within earshot. She felt herself tired to the point of exhaustion by the necessity always to be divining somebody's inner processes, putting herself in somebody else's skin, and doing the thing that would reach him the right way. Her sense of the impermanence of the harmony between them all, had grown upon her of late like an obsession. It seemed to her that her face

must have the strained propitiatory smile she had so despised, in her youth, on the faces of older women, mothers of families. Oh, her very soul felt crumpled with all this pressure from the outside, never ending.

THE worst was not the always-recurring physical demands, the dressing and undressing the children, preparing their food and keeping them clean. It was the moral strain—never for a moment from the time they were born to be free from the thought: "Where are they? What are they doing? Is that the best thing for them?" till every individual thought of your own was shattered, till your sensibilities to finer things were dulled and blunted by lack of exercise.

Paul came back, "Ready?" he asked. "I've finished the porch."

She put the kettles inside the fireless-cooker and shut down the lid. "Yes, ready for Henry," she said.

She washed her hot moist face in cold water, put on a broad-brimmed garden hat, and set out for the field back of the barn. The kitchen had been hot, but it seemed cool compared to the heat into which they stepped from the door. Marise drew back. "Mercy! What heat!" she murmured.

"Yes—just what the corn wants," said Paul, looking off down the field. "But it'll be cooler soon. There's a big thunder-storm coming up. See how black it is now over the Eagle Rocks." He took her hand in his strong, bramble-scarred little fingers and led her along.

They were beside the pen now, looking over the fence at the grotesque animal, twitching his flexible snout as he peered up at them.

"Don't you think Henry is a very handsome pig?" asked Paul.

"I think you take very good care of him," she answered. "Now what is the matter about the oil you can't put on? Doesn't he like it?"

"He hasn't felt it yet. He won't even let me try! Look!" The child climbed over the fence and made a quick grab at the animal, which gave an alarmed grunt and darted away in a short-legged gallop.

"Look there; that's the way he always does," said Paul, in an aggrieved tone.

Marise considered the pig for a moment; he had turned again and was once more staring at her, his quivering snout in the air, an alert expression of attention animating his heavy-jowled countenance. "Are there things he specially likes?" she asked Paul.

"He likes to eat, of course, being a pig," said Paul, "and he loves to have you scratch his back with a stick."

"Oh, then it's easy. Come outside the pen. Now listen. Go back to the barn and get whatever it is you feed him. Put that in the trough and let him begin to eat, quietly. Then take your oil and your brush and, moving very slowly, so that you don't startle him, lean over the fence and begin to brush it on his back where he likes to be rubbed. If he likes the feel of it, he'll probably stand still. I'll wait here till you see how it comes out."

She moved away a few paces, and sank down on the grass under the tree, as though the heat had flung her there. She closed her eyes and felt the sun beating palpably on the lids—or was it that hot inward pulse still throbbing . . . ? Why wouldn't Neale help her? Why wouldn't he put out that strength of his and crush all this strange agitation of hers—rescue her? She was conscious of nothing but intense discomfort. . . . A low, distant growl of thunder shook the air with a muted roar.

After a time, a voice back of her announced, "Mother, it works. Henry loves it."

She turned and saw Paul vigorously rubbing the ears and flanks of the pig, which stood rapt in a beatitude of satisfaction. Marise turned her head away and slid lower down on the grass, so that she lay with her face on her arm. She was shaking from head to foot as though with sobs, but she was not crying. She was laughing hysterically. "Even for the pig!" she was saying to herself. "A symbol of my life!" She lay there after this nervous fit of laughter till she heard Paul saying, "There I've put it on every inch of him." He added, with a special intonation, "And now I guess I'd better go in swimming."

At this, Marise sat up quickly, with an instant divination of what she would see. In answer to her appalled look on him, he murmured apologetically, "I didn't know I was getting so much on me. It sort of spattered."

It was of course while she led the deplorable object that Paul was, toward the house, that they encountered Eugenia, under a green-lined white parasol, her hands full of sweet peas and nasturtiums.

"I thought I'd fill the vases with fresh flowers before the rain came," she murmured. She passed them, visibly sheering off from Paul. "Eugenia ought not to carry sweet peas and nasturtiums," thought Marise. "It ought always to be orchids, hot-house orchids." In the bathroom, as she and Paul took off his oil-soaked clothes, it suddenly occurred to her that this was the time for Elly's hour at the piano, and she had heard no sound. She laid out the clean clothes for Paul, saw him started in the bathtub, and ran downstairs to see if she could find Elly before the storm broke, turning over in her mind Elly's various favorite nooks.

The air was as heavy as a noxious gas in the breathless pause before the arrival of the rain. In the darkened hall stood a man's figure, the face turned up toward hers, the look on it meant for her, her only—not the useful house-

[Continued on page 20]

TO conceal the identity of the restaurant where Gardner Barnes chose to take Cynthia Wainwright to luncheon is going to be difficult. Should it be mentioned as the Spilt-more or the Fitz, even the girl who assists the postmaster in Silsbee, Texas, will be indignantly aware that such names are mere approximations. And if one comes right out into the open, declaring bluntly that it was the Waldorf, there will immediately arise the galling suspicion that I am in league with that hotel's publicity man.

Say it was the Hotel Anonyme, or the Whosis House. Whatever the name, it was not important to Gardner. He chose it for one reason: it was very expensive; and he, being in many ways the normal young American, accepted without reserve the belief that feminine enjoyment of entertainment is directly proportional to the wincing of the masculine pocketbook. And he wished Cynthia to enjoy herself.

In that, of course, he was not alone. Everyone who had ever been fortunate enough to have a glimpse of her had felt the same impulse. For Cynthia was that variety of feminine talent known technically as a knockout. From the tip of her gun-metal shoe-buckles to the top of her trig hat, Cynthia pleased. Gardner naturally did not notice what sort of shoes she wore, nor could he have described that hat, the main reason being that it sat directly above two of the best eyes he ever remembered having seen. They were wide and gray, with just a suggestion of an upward tilt at the outside corners. Cynthia's choice of noses, too, showed admirable selective capabilities; it was exactly the sort you would have picked out for her. As for her mouth, well, it set one wondering.

Hence Gardner can hardly be blamed for inflicting a bit of agony on his already haggard bill-fold. And though Cynthia had demurred when they had met by appointment some fifteen minutes before, and had suggested a tea-room, Gardner had won his point, carrying her off in a taxi to this particular restaurant. His manner had been masterful in persuading Cynthia; and little short of royal as he slipped a bill carelessly to the taxi driver, waving aside all offers of change with a magnificent indifference.

Immediately they entered and Gardner's coat had been mortgaged, the head waiter—ignoring a small knot of people already waiting for tables—led them augustly to a choice corner, snatched a "Reserved" sign from the table and, in a moment, gathered about them a flurry of waiters and bus-boys.

"Compared to our entry here," remarked Gardner, as Cynthia tugged at her gloves, "General Pershing's homecoming was a frost. What'll we eat?"

"Honestly, I oughtn't to eat a thing," Cynthia began, "because Lucy and I did the *craziest* thing just before I saw you. Went into Ghraft's and simply *stuffed* ourselves on chocolate and cakes and things. Silly thing to do, but I'd forgotten what time it was—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Gardner, with a singular heartiness, "you must—" he turned to the waiter hovering nearby—"give me an idea to build around."

"The roulade de duck, m'sieu," the man suggested deferentially, "ees ver' nice." Gardner glanced down at the menu, found the dish listed with a dotted line running inexorably to three figures on the right-hand side. His impulse was to remark that it ought to be very nice. Instead he said: "How about that, Cynthia?"

"It'll be fine," answered the girl, "just that and some—asparagus tips and—oh—a salad and some ice-cream I suppose." She straightened a wisp of brown hair.

"The same—for two," Gardner said huskily to the waiter. He thanked Providence inwardly, as he unfolded a napkin the size of a bath towel, that he had fifteen dollars in his wallet. He emerged from this congratulatory reverie to note that Cynthia was talking.

"—but it was the most gorgeous thing," she was saying, "I knew I shouldn't buy it. Father's funny about some things, you know. But I bought it. It's lucky Lucy was with me, for I had to borrow a dollar from her to pay for it." He had no idea of the subject of the conversation, save that in general it was shopping, but he listened with the intentness of an unmarried man, even encouraging his guest with an occasional "Yes" and "Is that so?"

As a matter of fact, he was having an ominously good time. It was working according to plan as neatly as a West Point drill. Things were as they should be. The crowd was smart—two or three of the women were nearly as easy to look at as Cynthia. What with this as a background, the appreciable stimulation of food impeccably prepared, and an exuberant sense of Cynthia's liking his "party," he found himself wearing a grin really due to delight, but one which an impartial observer might have set down as slightly imbecilic.

He had known Cynthia only for a brief few weeks, but more than long enough to have become one of those whose idea of a home was most definite in one respect: that it should surround her. Other than that, she lived in a brown-stone house on Madison Avenue; she was the most—most—and most—girl in the world, and she seemed not unwilling to see him, Gardner.

And though he found Cynthia the most interesting thing in life, together with the game of making enough money to be in the running as a contestant for her, Gardner had not taken her to luncheon to impress her, but to entertain her. His choice of the best restaurant he could think of was merely consistent with his idea of doing things right. That he found himself somewhat low in funds was because he happened to be a victim of two systems: his firm's system of paying once a month; and his own of paying as he went. The quarterly reckoning for an insurance policy and the small matter of a

CHECK, PLEASE

By Frank Brady

ILLUSTRATED BY NANA FRENCH BICKFORD

dentist's bill, presented with some force, had driven the Gardner Barnes fortune down to its present depressed state, for it was Saturday and Monday was the first of the month. Why Gardner chose just this time for his "party"—well, it must be remembered that he was in love.

As the waiter served the salad, and a fat man at the next table paid his check, Gardner, his fork poised in mid-air, suddenly experienced the most devastating fright of his twenty-six years. Staring glassily into space, the brightness of the room merging into a messy blur of color before his eyes, he lowered the fork carefully to his plate; and his right hand crept cautiously to the hip pocket where he kept his money.

Cynthia, at the moment of the chill, was gazing at the china figure of a slender young man with a mustache like a small black caterpillar, and enameled hair.

"Buy me that man, Gardner," she pleaded, turning to him, "he's cute."

Gardner made no answer, didn't even look at the object coveted. He had just managed to undo his bill-fold and count. As he thought, *He had given that taxi driver a ten-dollar bill instead of a one.* He had exactly six dollars now; and six dollars had about as much chance in the surroundings in which he and Cynthia were, as a reputation at a sewing circle.

The whole horrible outcome of his predicament flashed before Gardner's vision. When the waiter presented the check, he would have to call the head-waiter. Then would ensue a consultation with the manager, who would perforce be

polite, yet perhaps courteously obdurate. Even such a scene would not be so painful were not Cynthia there to witness it. What she must think of the humiliating tableau was what made him flinch. She would consider him in the class with a counter-jumper out to buy the town on a dollar sixty-five.

One thing was certain: Cynthia must not know. Gardner looked up at that moment to find her eyes regarding his worried countenance with what seemed almost alarm.

"Gardner!" she exclaimed, "What's the matter? You look positively ill!"

He managed to smile a flat smile and shake his head. "Nothing. Nothing at all," he lied with a ghastly heartiness. "I—ah—you see—" He must say something. With an effort he rarely had occasion to make, he threw the brakes on his brain and thought lucidly for one brief but gloriously inspired moment.

"That is," he continued, "I just thought of something. Some—ah—very valuable papers. Contracts, in fact—yes—contracts. Left 'em on my desk in the office, with the window open. Afraid the wind'll blow 'em on the floor and the porter'll sweep 'em out."

"Oh!" said Cynthia, her eyes widening.

"Very valuable," he went on, "and—if you'd just pardon me for a minute or so, I'll run over there—the office is right around the corner, practically—and make sure." Then he added, with genuine sincerity, "I hate like the deuce to leave you here alone."

"You just forget all about me until you've put those things in a safe place," returned Cynthia, "I'll be quite all right."

When he had arisen very self-consciously and hurried out toward the door—with that intense look of absorption great business men are supposed to assume in thinking about big deals—Cynthia smiled a little bit, and ordered the waiter not to bring her dessert right away.

In the street, buttoning his overcoat as he strode along, Gardner hastened toward the one place which promised financial reinforcement: his office. There was just a chance that someone might still be there even at this time Saturday afternoon: faithful Mr. Twillet, for instance, who never took more than twenty minutes or a bowl of crackers and milk for lunch. Yes, Twillet would be there. He simply must be.

The elevator man on the Saturday-afternoon shift was never a person to hurry. He finished reading the item in the afternoon edition about the baby found in a suitcase in Grand Central Station, and walked abstractedly to the elevator wherein Gardner stood almost trembling with impatience. As he was about to slide the door closed, the man reconsidered, went outside to reconnoiter for any other irregular passengers who might interrupt his further perusal of the paper, then returned leisurely to the elevator.

"Eleven," said Gardner. A moment later he was walking quickly along the corridor toward his office. His echoing footsteps were the only sound. Not a typewriter clicked behind any of the clouded glass doors; not a latch was heard to turn. Outside his own firm's suite Gardner paused, his heart pounding heavily, irregularly. The door was locked, but he opened it quickly with his key.

The office was barren of occupants. There was about it that dry, dusty, close smell that signified the windows had been closed for some time. Gardner stood there a moment in dumb despair, mechanically restoring the keys to his pocket. Such papers as had been left on the desks were piled neatly; chairs were turned as they had been when their occupants had swung about to get into their coats. As he noted these things his heart sank. An ordinarily busy place abandoned carries a singular sense of desolation, especially when one has come to borrow money from it.

The thought of Cynthia back there in the restaurant, the subject perhaps of gossip from people about her and of deft annoyance from the waiter, caused Gardner to groan inwardly. Perhaps she—

Whatever painful speculation came to his mind was driven forth by the sound of footsteps down the hall. Gardner leaned quickly out of the door, and to his eyes came one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen. Brisk and precise, wearing as always his air of fussy self-importance, Mr. Twillet approached the door.

"Ah, Barnes," was his greeting, "surprised to see you about the office so long after hours. Not planning to rob the safe, are you?" His jest seemed to please Mr. Twillet immensely, for he chuckled in appreciation.

"No," replied Gardner, "not the safe." "Forgot my stick," explained Mr. Twillet, brushing past the young man in the doorway. "Thought I might as well stop by for it."

The other lost no time. "Twillet, have you got as much as five dollars that has no engagements between now and Monday?"

"I have five dollars," replied Mr. Twillet positively, "but I'm on my way now to buy a new record from Butterfly. Otherwise I should be glad—" he found his stick and started toward the door—He stopped suddenly in some alarm, for Gardner blocked the door, carelessly, it is true, but none the less resolutely.

"You don't really need that record this afternoon," began the larger man, "and I need the five very badly. I need it right now."

"Sorry, but—" snapped Mr. Twillet.

"A phonograph record at best," continued Gardner, "is only a temporary

[Continued on page 31]



GARDNER, HIS FORK POISED IN MID-AIR, SUDDENLY EXPERIENCED THE MOST DEVASTATING FRIGHT OF HIS TWENTY-SIX YEARS.



"I'M GOING TO GET A LOOK AT THAT OLD BOY," MUTTERED MEL, AS HE SKIMMED DOWNSTAIRS

THE FINGER OF FATE



By
George
Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD LUND

MELL'S first idea had been flight—to get away from these stately mansions by the Hudson and lose himself in the great city below.

"To look at me," he thought, with a groan, as he turned into the upper reaches of Broadway, "one would never think that I had been wounded so." And indeed he was right. Except for his expression, which had something pathetic in it, you would never have suspected that he had just been dealt a moral thrust.

"Marry you after this?" Margaret had said to him. "Not if you were the last man on earth!" Which wasn't exactly original, when all is said and done. "We have absolutely nothing in common," she had continued, watching him closely for wincing; "you can't talk. You can't ride. You can't entertain. You can't take a joke. You can't dance—" He winced then. "I don't believe that a clumsier man ever stepped out on a floor. 'Old Bumblefoot,' they call you—"

"It's a lie!" he had growled. The next moment she had given him back his ring and Mell had left her with the face of a man who is hurrying out to self-destruction.

"Don't do anything rash!" she had called after him, mockingly.

"I'd like to see myself!" he scoffed, as he swung down Madison Avenue.

In his resentment, Mell didn't notice that his speedometer was trembling around "40," nor did he see the three enormous trucks that were coming out of the side-street, one closely following the other, like three friendly mastodons going down to the river to drink.

"Good night!" said Mell, as he stepped upon his brake.

It was too late. Ahead of him, the three leviathans completely blocked the street. To the right was a lamp-post and a photographer's shop. Mell looked at the trucks and he looked at the post.

As the lesser of two evils he chose the post.

AS Mell's perceptions grew clearer, he became aware that his resting place was a photographer's dressing-room, and that, bending over him, was a doctor and a businesslike young woman, who was evidently in charge of the shop.

"A narrow escape," said the doctor.

It seemed to Mell that the good physician spoke almost with regret—though this no doubt was imagination, for he was still light-headed.

"How's the car?" he asked in a small faint voice.

"A wreck," said the doctor.

"Would you like us to take a photograph of it?" eagerly inquired the young woman.

Mell weakly nodded—in a way it was a sort of repayment for her hospitality—and she and the doctor went out.

"Seems like a nightmare," said Mell, who was feeling as though he would float if he tried to walk, and I guess it will be a nightmare, too, when Aunt Agnes hears about the car." His mind returning then to first causes, he added: "Lucky I wasn't killed, or Margaret would always have thought that I had done it because she jilted me."

He drew a deep breath and looked up at the framed photographs that hung around him on the walls.

"I'll bet it took most of them half an hour to get those careless-looking poses," he thought, with the trace of a grin. "But say—here's a peach—"

The photograph over the couch at which he was staring showed a quiet, serious-eyed girl who was standing by a table on which a pug-nosed Pomeranian was perched, looking up at the girl with adoring eyes. It couldn't have been her dress that attracted Mell, for it was evidently a dark suit of the simplest possible design—and it couldn't have been her hat, which was nothing but a dark straw with a narrow band of ribbon around it. And it couldn't have been her studied pose, for she had none.

HE was still looking at the picture, deep calling to deep, although he didn't know it—when the brisk young manageress entered. "We've taken the car," she said. "How many prints would you like?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mell carelessly. "But tell me," he added, looking up at the picture which had interested him so, "who's this? Does she live around here?"

"I only wish I knew!" The young woman frowned. "She came in here about three months ago and foolishly enough I didn't take a deposit. We made up a dozen and have them yet. We tried to deliver them at the address which she wrote down for us, but she had moved away and left no other address. . . . Still it learned me a lesson. If the Prince of Wales himself came into this shop for a sitting tomorrow, he would have to pay a deposit."

When Mell left the photographer's shop ten minutes later, he had the twelve pictures underneath his arm, and the raised flap on the cash register said "\$20." And not only did he have the pictures, but he had the card on which the girl with the dog had written her name and address.

Miss Molly Ingestre
351 West 72d Street
New York City

It was a dashing, unmistakable handwriting. The capital "Y" in "York" looked like Neptune's trident; the capital "M" in "Molly" resembled a three-legged stool on which the god of the sea might rest himself.

Of course it was reprehensible in Mell to have bought the pictures, although it might be said that he had acquired them in much the same spirit as he would have purchased a painting by Asti, or one of Benda's beautiful heads of Miss America. But when he finally reached his room and had looked at the pictures longer than was good for him, he did an utterly indefensible thing, for which it can only be pleaded that he must have been still slightly unbalanced from the shock of his accident—to say nothing of the sting he felt for having been jilted that morning.

"I know what I'll do!" he suddenly told himself. "I'll send one of these pictures to Margaret and make her think that I've had another girl all the time—" To which thought he added the distinctly inelegant reflection: "It'll make her think she's not the only pebble on the beach!"

Disguising his hand as well as he could, he wrote across the bottom on one of the photographs, *Yours ever—Molly to Mell.*

And in his own handwriting he composed the following note to the lady who had so recently worn his ring:

Dear Margaret: Do you think it likely that I shall do "anything rash" with such consolation near at hand? With best wishes for your future happiness, I am— He thought for a minute how best to close it, and then—*Yours cordially,* he wrote, with a bitter little flourish of his pen, *Old Bumblefoot—*

Heretofore you have heard him briefly styled as Mell, but his full name was Melville Van Ransellaer Scrymser, and although you might not think it of one with a name like that, he had been born as poor as any Tom, Dick or Harry. But although he was poor himself, Mell's Aunt Agnes was the Mrs. Van Ransellaer, and in her autocratic, overbearing way, she had always made a pet of Master Mell.

This may sound nice, but it very often wasn't, for Aunt Agnes was one of those thorough old ladies, who love and hate with equal intensity—and everything she didn't love, she hated, and did it well, too. She had a commanding voice when excited, and such a manner that even the servants referred to her with unconscious awe as "the madam."

"I wonder what she'll say," thought Mell, "when she hears about the car!"

HE had decided to stay in the city until the storm had a chance to blow over, and had written his aunt an account of his adventure with the lamp-post. Mrs. Van Ransellaer was staying that summer at the old family manor on the Hudson, her town-house on Park Avenue being closed until her return in October. So Mell had gone to his club and there he waited for Aunt Agnes' lightning to strike him.

He didn't have long to wait.

Dear Melville, she wrote back, *I'm glad you're not hurt. I happened to be in the room when Margaret received your photograph. What a beautiful girl!*

I shall come to New York next Monday afternoon on the four o'clock train, and shall stay a day or two. Please go to the house and have the second floor well aired. When I come I should like to meet this "Molly" of yours. I take it, of course, that her family is a good one.

Margaret had already told me that you had decided to disagree. At first I was furious, but when I saw the photograph you sent her, I began to forgive you—

Mell read the letter three times and then he slowly turned to one of the remaining eleven photographs.

"Young lady," said he, "within the last few days I've lost a fiancée and a perfectly good car. And now something tells me that unless I find you within the next few days, I'm going to lose a legacy and a perfectly good aunt. . . . !"

The more Mell thought it over, the less he liked it.

"If there's one thing that Aunt Agnes won't stand," he groaned to himself, "it's lies or deception in any way, shape

or form. And now, if I have to tell her the truth about Molly, she'd never believe me again as long as I live. I've got to find that girl, and I've got to find her very, very soon!"

The address which Molly had written upon the card was one of those exclusive boarding-houses which have the outward and inward appearance of private dwellings. A colored girl in a white cap and apron answered Mell's ring.

"Miss Molly Ingestre? Yessuh!" she said, partly in answer to his question, and partly in answer to the five-dollar bill which he ostentatiously held between his fingers. "Her paw lived here for quite a spell—a fine old gemman, Ah don't care what dey says. Miss Molly, at first, she was away at bo'ding school, but fin'ly she came home to her paw. Just what the trouble is, Ah don't know, but all at once they left here very sudden and didn't leave no address behind 'em. There's been quite a few inquiring after 'em since they went—police detectives, I think some of them was—"

"Last Thursday, on mah afternoon out, Ah was over on East 55th Street near Park Avenue, and Ah saw Miss Molly walking along on the other side of the street as though she lived around there somewheres and was doing the shopping."

"Was she alone?"

"Well, suh, there was nobody walking side by side. And maybe Ah imagined it, but it seemed to me that not far behind her was one of those same police detectives who had been around here a time or two inquiring for her paw!"

IT occurred to Mell later that never before had he bought anything for five dollars which had given him such a rich range of emotions, but after he had returned to his room and had looked long and earnestly at the picture on his dresser, one thought in his mind gradually grew head and shoulders above all the others—one of those fine commanding thoughts that have dominated the masculine mind since first this ancient world began to spin. "What? That girl do anything wrong?" he asked himself. "She couldn't if she tried!"

It was thus perhaps that the sailors spoke when first they saw the siren—or Rhenish boatmen when they gazed at the golden Lorelei.

When Mell went out the next morning, he told himself that he was merely going for a stroll, but it wasn't long before his feet had taken him to the corner of Park Avenue and 55th Street. Less than a block away was his aunt's house, boarded up for the summer.

"Imagine her being as close as this," he thought, and for a moment his sense of adventure gave way to that feeling of awe which comes upon us all at times when we marvel at the fates. "If I hadn't hit the lamp-post," he mused, "I wouldn't have seen her picture. And if I hadn't seen her picture I might have lived here all this winter and never have known that she was even living—"

But she was living and, what was more to the point, Mell had simply got to find her. There was not the least doubt about that. Yet all that morning and all that afternoon, he strolled and looked in vain; and although he had his lunch and dinner at the window table of an upstairs restaurant, and kept his eyes on the street, he might just as well have watched the salt and pepper, for all the good it did him.

The dinner was an unusually good one, but Mell didn't seem to enjoy it, his hopes of the morning growing weaker with every passing course.

It was dusk when he left the restaurant, and he was just on the point of giving up the search for the day, when his eyes fell upon a very proud-looking Pomeranian that was taking the air on the end of a leash. Mell glanced at the dog and then with a start he looked at the girl who was with it.

Yes—it was certainly Molly.

If anything, she looked a little more wistful than her photograph—a wistfulness that had more sadness in it than Mell liked to see, and that filled him more powerfully than ever with that strange desire to comfort her, which he had felt when first he saw her picture. But now that he had found her, it suddenly came to him that another problem, quite as difficult as the first one, had simultaneously presented itself for solution. It is one thing to find a nice girl whom you have never seen before, but it's quite another thing to make her acquaintance on the streets of a large city.

Upon reflection he decided to try strategy. The Pom was lagging behind, and its leash was a good two yards long. "I'll trip over the string," he thought, mopping his forehead.

He did it better than he had expected, and after he had picked himself up, it was only natural that he should help to recapture the frightened dog.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself," said the girl, with a glance in which gratefulness and formality were agreeably blended.

"Not—not a great deal," said Mell.

She made a precise little bow with her head—a bow which spelled "dismissal" in unmistakable letters—but blushing to his eyebrows, Mell settled himself to the task before him and walked along by her side.

"I hope you won't think I'm a boulder—or anything of that sort," he began, "but I—I have a reason. Of course I

know that it absolutely isn't done, but I wish you'd let me introduce myself—until we can find some mutual friend. My name is Melville Scrymser—my aunt is Mrs. Van Ransellaer—she lives on Park Avenue just around the corner here—and she likes your picture very much—"

Molly, her cheeks as red as Mell's, had been walking along with a sort of icy disdain, but this last stammered remark surprised her in spite of herself and she gave him a glance that had quite as much curiosity as dignity in it.

"I'll tell you about that later," he went on hurriedly, "but in the meantime, please don't think that I'm anything that I shouldn't be. Nearly everybody around here knows me. This florist, for instance—my aunt trades here—and this property on the corner—she owns it nearly down to the next block—"

They had come to a baker's shop and the girl stopped at the doorway.

"Can I come in with you?" he pleaded.

They looked at each other then with that silent intentness with which most of the important things of life are decided, and what they saw in each other's eyes, no one could

She Wanted to Know the Hardest Facts

HER husband's death she could bear, if she but knew the manner of his dying. Had her love reached out to him at the end—as he lay, shot down on the Mesopotamian desert? Another man, a new life waited for her, but the agony of uncertainty tied her to the past. Floy Tolbert Barnard's "In the Fields of Boaz" will appear in the February McCall's.

tell you but their own two selves; but when the glance was finished, it might be said that they both seemed unconsciously satisfied.

The baker knew Mell, and the respect with which he spoke to his landlady's nephew might have helped a little; and when they left the bakeshop Mell was carrying the cake which Molly had bought. At all events it wasn't long before they were sauntering along and chatting, as young people have sauntered and chatted since time immemorial; and every time she spoke, and especially every time she smiled in her wistful way, Mell felt his admiration for her growing deeper and deeper, as a swimmer walking out from shore gradually approaches the place where the depth of the water will carry him off his feet.

"Nine o'clock!" she gasped at last, when a neighboring church clock chimed the hour. "I must run home now—"

"At least you'll let me see you as far as your door," said Mell.

NO, no; you mustn't!" she objected before the words were hardly out of his mouth. "You—you mustn't come—and you mustn't follow me—or I shall never speak to you again."

"But when shall I see you?" protested Mell in his turn.

She considered, giving him that glance which is mentioned above. "I generally go to the baker's—at the same time every evening," she said. And the next moment she was gone.

The more Mell thought it over now, the more the sense of adventure filled and thrilled him.

"A queen—oh, a queen!" he told himself, "but I wonder why she didn't want me to know where she lived . . ."

The servant's gossip at the boarding-house recurred to him. "A lot of rot!" he scoffed. "As if a girl like that could be mixed up in anything wrong. . . . All the same," he thought with a slight frown, "I wish there wasn't any mystery about it—because Aunt Agnes will want to know all about her."

That noon he lunched again at the upstairs restaurant, and there he saw Nicky Manning, one of their Park Avenue neighbors. Nicky was evidently in a state of considerable excitement.

"Our house was robbed last night!" he said, breathlessly. "Yes! Somebody simply unlocked the door and walked in—and nearly every locked door in the house was wide open this morning. Opened mother's jewel-safe, too, but she has everything with her up at Bar Harbor except an old ginger-bready diamond ring, and they took that. Didn't take anything else. Wait, I'll show it to you."

"But how can you show it to me?" asked Mell, "if they took it."

"That's the funny part of it," exclaimed Nicky—"the ring came back by mail this morning with a label fastened to it. Here! What do you think of this?"

He drew from his pocket a small cardboard box. The ring was evidently an old engagement token, and fastened to it was a tag bearing the following remarkable caution, "You ought to have better locks." Mell's eyes chanced to fall upon the address written on the cardboard box in which the ring had been returned, and instantly his indifference fled.

It was unmistakable. "Good Lord!" he thought, with a sinking heart—"it's Molly's writing!"

MELL met her again that night—and the next—and the next—and although a number of times he was perilously close to asking her about Nicky's ring, he could never quite get it out.

"And anyhow," he tried to tell himself, "it may not be her writing after all, and she'd never forgive me if she knew that I had ever associated her in my mind with a bunch of crooks. . . . It's a crazy notion, anyhow," he added, with a glance at the wistful-eyed girl by his side. "It must be somebody who writes a lot like her; that's all."

Besides, there was so much else to talk about, and the more they talked, the deeper Mell found himself in that swift current which catches every man at some stage of his life's journey. World-old dreams surrounded him like fleecy clouds around a moon. World-old wonders filled him with fears and doubts.

How was it that no one had ever snapped her up before? That seemed incredible to Mell—a puzzle for the ages. "I wonder if she could ever get to love a dub like me!" This bothered him more than you might imagine.

He was on his way to his aunt's house—"to air the second floor"—this being the afternoon of her arrival in town on the four o'clock train.

"Of course it's too soon to ask Molly to meet her yet," he told himself as he hurried along Park Avenue, "but I hope it won't be long. And if there's anything about Molly's family that Aunt Agnes doesn't like—well, I shall marry her anyhow—if she'll have me. There must be some way in this big town that I can earn a living."

As he approached the house, boarded and closed for the summer, he met Molly strolling with the Pom, but for some reason Molly seemed embarrassed when she saw Mell.

"Don't—stop and talk to me now," she pleaded. "Please go on."

"Of course if you don't want me—" said Mell, and with a mere glance at Molly he turned into the area-way of his aunt's house. Perhaps you can imagine his astonishment when Molly suddenly joined him there, her hand upon his arm, and a look of terror in the depths of her eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she gasped, and he noticed that her breath came quickly.

"I'm going in, of course," he replied. "This is my aunt's house—she's coming into town this afternoon."

"Oh, I didn't know . . . But please don't go in now," she added. "Let's—go for a walk. I want to show you something—over on Fifth Avenue. Let's go for a nice, long walk; shall we?"

It might have been dimly, but Mell began to see that something was wrong, and all the old suspicions returned. With a sudden air of resolution he turned to the grilled door that led to the basement, the key already in his hand.

"What are you going to do?" begged Molly, at his side in an instant.

"I'm going in," he sternly replied.

One of her hands closed around his wrist, and the other raised to her lips a silver whistle that hung on the end of the Pom's leash. But before she could blow it, Mell ran his free arm around her elbows and pinned them helpless against her quivering body. "Look here," he said as sternly as before, "who's in this house?"

"It—it's Dad," she told him with a broken little cry.

WHEN Aunt Agnes had written that she would arrive on the four o'clock train that day, Mell had overlooked the fact that owing to local daylight-saving ordinances, clocks and trains don't always run together. According to the watch in his pocket, it was only ten minutes past three when he suddenly discovered that there was a burglar in his aunt's house; but as a rather disturbing matter of fact, Aunt Agnes had caught an earlier train than she had expected and at that very moment she was in a taxi speeding along to her Park Avenue home.

At first when Molly had told him who was in the house, Mell thought she had fainted, the life seemed to go out of the body which was still confined within his circling arm. He hastily unlocked the door and half led, half carried her inside. "Now you sit here," he said, guiding her to a chair near the window, "and by the time I've found out what's going on upstairs, perhaps you'll feel better, and we'll be able to talk this thing over."

He went up to the floor above, but caught no sight of an intruder. Once he thought he heard a noise in the basement. "Molly, I guess." Thinking that she was making her escape, he drew a bitter sigh and started for the floor above.

"Old Bumblefoot, first," he mourned to himself, "and then Molly, the Yeggman's Beautiful Daughter—I'm not very lucky in love—"

[Continued on page 30]



"IT'S A LONG STORY," HE SAID, "AND I HAVE ANOTHER STORY THAT I WANT TO TELL YOU FIRST—"

WHOM WILL YOU MARRY?

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief"

THE THEATRICAL MAN'S WIFE ANSWERS

THERE was a time when I thought that being in newspaper work was the most exciting, nervous, uncertain life that anyone, not a criminal or an explorer, could live. I know now that I was wrong. The life of a city room is quiet, orderly, sure, compared to that of the theater. For years, my day's work ended at whatever hour of the evening or the early morning the city editor tossed "good night" to me over his shoulder. I have written stories which have brought me the praise of the editor (the rarest thing in the known world) and advances in salary. I have been "scooped" so badly that a similar mistake or stupidity in any other work would have brought instant dismissal. I have seen new publishers come and old policies go, and I sat in at the death of one newspaper.

I was seventeen when I took my first assignment, so I may be said never to have known the existence of the sheltered, conventional woman. But I never knew just how precarious life could be, until I knew the life of the theater. And all its joys and its hardships I may not know, even now. For I am not really of the theatrical family—except by marriage.

My husband has been actor, playwright and manager, and I have known him in all these phases. Of course they have not all been distinct; they have overlapped. His acting was done at the beginning of his career. He wanted to write plays, and he wanted more especially to be a theatrical manager. He acted because it would help him to prepare for these other activities and because it gave him money, while he was learning the technic of writing and directing plays.

I met my husband when he was acting a small part and I was a dramatic critic. I liked his acting and I told—not him—but the public so. I think that is why he first liked me. We had a number of friends in common—actors, writers, artists—and we used to get together and talk of what we wanted to do and what was wrong with the world and how we would set it right, just as youth has talked since the world began. We all talked a great deal, but soon John and I did most of our talking to each other. He would go out with me on an afternoon assignment, and it gradually became the usual thing for us to have late supper together, when my deadline was passed and the curtain had been rung down on his play.

He was still acting when we were married, but he had had one play produced, and in addition to directing amateur players, he had assisted in staging several productions. We hadn't much money, but we were young and healthy—and we loved each other. And I think, perhaps, those are the essential things in any marriage.

At the very beginning of our life together, I learned that I must be ready to meet disappointments. I have met them with as good a grace as I could, but I don't believe I'll ever quite get over the fact that we did not have the honeymoon we had planned. We were to go to Bermuda. It was reckless, of course, to be married in the height of the season and to expect John to take a two-weeks' vacation. But we believed, as most people do, that neither one of us would ever have another wedding, and we wanted to have a wedding-trip. But we weren't allowed to be reckless with our money. The night before we were married, the leading man, whom John was understudying, broke his leg. There was no one else to take his part.

We were married—even the manager did not think we should postpone the wedding. The ceremony was at noon and we had an extravagant luncheon, but we had to hurry at it, because it was necessary to rehearse all afternoon for the night's performance. There was no time for dinner—just sandwiches and coffee in John's dressing-room. But after the performance, there was one of those wonderful impromptu parties which actors know so well how to give. They were trying to make up to us for what we had had to forego. I shall always have a warm spot in my heart for all of them. But the fact remains that we have never been to Bermuda!

The disarrangement of our wedding plans seems almost typical of the way we have lived ever since. I can never count on the companionship of my husband, but I think we are together more than most couples are, where the husband is in business on a regular schedule. For one thing the life of the theater makes it easier. I enjoy a rehearsal of a play more than I do the play itself, and I attend many rehearsals. Then, John likes to have me read plays for him and talk over the details of them. But, despite that, there are days and weeks at a stretch when we see little of each other, and when John has no time away from his work, except the all-too-few hours he spends in sleeping.

We didn't make any decision as to how I was to take care of my social life when John couldn't be with me. There was nothing so formal as deciding on a line of conduct. We simply did as the impulse of the moment guided us. I am

very fond of people—I like to dance and go to concerts and I like, best of all perhaps, to get together with congenial friends and talk—for hours. I have done these things even when the pleasure was halved because John could not be of the party. Perhaps it wouldn't work out in all cases, but for us it does, and any good times which I may have do not take time away from my husband. Oftentimes, like Cinderella, I leave the ball early, so that I can be home and have John's supper waiting for him.

Now that John is directing plays, we have more opportunity to go around together, but we never can tell in advance whether we will be able to do what we have planned. As a result, most of our pleasures have to be of the impromptu variety. When we accept invitations, I always have to add "provided John can come." If he can't, and if the affair is one where I need an escort, I have to rely on being able to get one of our friends to accompany me. I don't exactly like that, but it isn't so bad as when I am hostess and at the last minute have no host to assist me. I think this limits our circle of friends.

Quite apart from the social

weeks last season." Which means that for twenty-two weeks they had nothing except what they had saved.

When one is a manager, the financial uncertainty is even worse. If a play runs only two or three weeks, the actor is sure of his salary for those weeks. The manager, on the other hand, not only has not made money, he has lost it.

When one produces plays, one expects only a certain percentage of them to make money. Or perhaps I should say an uncertain percentage. And when one has no money and only a little backing, it is up-hill work.

The details of staging a play are so many it is amazing that any play ever succeeds. Given a play which is "actor-proof" and add to that the best cast in the world—and there are a thousand things which can ruin it. The curtain may come down at the very moment to kill the climax, or the lights may go out or come on at the wrong time; or an actor, in an impassioned scene, may stub his toe and fall, to mention only a few of the most obvious possibilities. The theater is a place of illusion—and illusion is so easily dispelled.

Perhaps the most disheartening thing to a manager is to have a play—in which he believes—not prove immediately popular. There are many plays which have become favorites

after they have been coddled along. It isn't just a question of proper advertising and press work. These are important, but sometimes it is just a question of waiting for the mouth-to-mouth indorsement of a play. A notable example of this is *Redemption*, by Tolstoy, in which John Barrymore appeared. At first it seemed as if only the "high-brows" would support it. Most managers would have taken it off after a few performances. But there was vision in the management. The play was kept on and became a great financial and artistic success. But even a manager with vision can not continue a play unless there is money to keep it going.

With so much uncertainty attached to the production of plays, a manager never knows whether he will make a fortune or go bankrupt in a season. A friend of mine said not long ago that she could not afford the apartment she wanted. I answered that I wished I knew what we could afford to pay for rent and other things. We never know how much we are justified in spending and I don't believe I am of a thrifty nature.

I suppose there is one other thing I should mention in writing of the wife of a theatrical man. That is the belief which most people have that everyone connected with the theater leads a loose life. I have had people ask me if I weren't miserable because my husband's work took him among actresses. But even for the sake of a good story, I can't say that I am. There are unhappy marriages and scandals in the theater, of course. But I don't know any walk of life where you won't find them. Human nature is much the same, wherever one meets it. But

I do want to say that the idea that all the men and women of the theater are dissolute and immoral is one of the silliest ideas in a world not altogether given to wisdom. Why should putting grease paint on the face take loyalty out of the heart, or why should directing a play lead one to the primrose path? The answer is it doesn't.

I am of the theater only by marriage, but I feel that I am really one of the profession, when I hear people say the stupid, silly things they do of theatrical people. So much is said of the vanity and jealousy and self-seeking of actors that I wish someone would write of the other things. I have known them to make big sacrifices in the most unostentatious way. I have known them to work at voluntarily reduced salaries in order to keep a play going until it might succeed. I have known them to do the impossible in order to send the curtain up. I have found them to be such charming companions, such loyal friends that I have never regretted that I am related to them by marriage.



IT WAS ONE OF THOSE WONDERFUL IMPROMPTU PARTIES WHICH ACTORS KNOW SO WELL HOW TO GIVE. THEY WERE TRYING TO MAKE UP TO US FOR THE HONEYMOON WE HAD MISSED

side of it, there is a very real inconvenience in the mere matter of living arrangements when hours are so uncertain. Because of unexpected illness, rehearsals and such, dinner has to be a movable feast with us. I wish I had a dollar for every time we have dined at nine o'clock or after! It has made the servant problem harder for me than it is for most women. But fortunately I can cook and I like to do it, so when John telephones that he will be delayed, I let the maid go and attend to the meal myself. I gave up reporting when I married, but I continued to write for papers and magazines. I think most married women, who have led active lives, are happier if they give part of their time at least to work which has nothing to do with the house. But even if I did not believe that, I would have gone on with my work, for if there is a man in the world who needs a wife with an earning capacity, it is the man of the theater. Stage salaries sound large; but if you know actors, you will have heard them say almost boastfully that they "had thirty



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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

Keeping House for Mr. President

By Helen Hambidge

WHEN, on March 4th, 1921, Mrs. Harding, the new mistress of the White House, enters her domain she will be one of the most homesick women in the world. For, despite all that has been done to make the Executive Mansion really a home for the presidential family, it still lacks many of the essentials that make for domestic comfort.

"Now I know how a Methodist minister's wife feels when she goes into a new parsonage," Mrs. Roosevelt said to the writer years ago, when she entered the White House to make her home there for the first time. To one who knows the historic old pile from attic to cellar the remark was to the point, for surely no Methodist parsonage, in the days when the pastor was a bird of passage, has ever seen more changes and refittings, or ever sent a greater chill to the home-building heart, than the Executive Mansion.

It has always been inadequate for many purposes; it has always been damp, and it will always be more or less bleak and bare. But each First Lady has tried in turn to see what she could do to obviate these faults. The result is a weird hodge-podge of modern improvements and almost primitive conditions, and it was not until President and Mrs. Roosevelt made their much criticized but very necessary dynamic changes, that the White House possessed any real comfort.

A four-years' tenure in the White House generally means a period of cramped quarters for the whole executive family. Conditions in a flat could not be much worse, though this statement may be incomprehensible to the average visitor who paces the stately East Room. The spacious grandeur of the public reception rooms belies the living quarters assigned to the presidential family.

Most of the feminine members of the presidential families have been put to it to find space for hats and gowns. Mrs. Grant had to have special boxes constructed for her gowns, which boxes she slid under the beds; and "Dolly" Madison showed a visitor to the White House a turnstile arrangement for hanging clothes, left to her by President Jefferson, who had invented it to hold his "coats and breeches." There are almost no closets in the private suites of the Executive Mansion. The First Ladies of the Land, for many and many a day, have had to keep their toilettes in heavy wardrobes and wardrobe trunks, hidden behind screens.

The living rooms of the presidential family are almost never seen by the public. Those who have been admitted to it are members of a very small inner group. Yet it is an interesting and vital portion of the mansion. Most of the private rooms lie above stairs, the family dining-room and kitchen only being below. The former is on the main floor, the latter down in the catacomb-like basement. The rooms devoted to the personal use of the presidential family are sixteen in number, nine of which are bedrooms—three of these being but small hall-rooms. There are also two dressing-rooms—utilized as clothes closets—three baths, a sewing-room and an attic. The most commodious room is the family library, which also serves as a sitting-room, and near this the President has his private study. It can easily be seen that the home quarters of a White House family are small, and the presence of frequent guests makes more difficult the housekeeping problem of a Chief Executive's wife.

One of the things that will give her heart for her undertaking, however, is the fact that she—like the Methodist dominie's wife referred to by Mrs. Roosevelt—may make almost any changes she cares to in her private domain, so long as she leaves the walls standing and respects adequately its historic values.

And few of the wives of the Chief Executives have been able to resist making these changes. Each new President's wife, in turn, stamps her own personality on the mansion and imprints her taste on that of her predecessors, and in this way are the chapters of the White House, as a home, being written. Many of the articles of her predecessors' selection, furniture and other equipment, condemned by the incoming First Lady, are sold at public auction, while others, artistic, are kept to fill the cases in the National Museum.

Doubtless the Chief Executive pays out of his own pocket for some of these innovations. But Congress has a benevolent heart. One of the very nicest things that happens to the President's wife is that Congress votes her a bit of pin-money to spend on her first spring housecleaning and refurbishing. Never has that amount exceeded twenty thousand



The kitchen in the days when old mammy baked the presidential corn pone



Today's White House kitchen, where the French chef rules the American cuisine



Photographs by East Bros.

THE NEW MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

By Henry J. Fisher

TO a woman who is socially ambitious, the lure of the White House as an avenue to social prestige and power is strongly compelling. To every other woman the burden of the responsibility cannot but give pause, and beyond doubt a large majority of the wives of our Presidents would gladly have been spared the ordeal. Mrs. Harding unquestionably belongs to this majority. Her high sense of duty in public service and her single-minded desire to be a helpmate to her husband are the incentives which will carry her unflinchingly into this new and onerous rôle. No one who has not known her intimately through the many years of Senator Harding's progress and growth can appreciate what a staunch and helpful comrade she has been. The fact that their union has never been blessed with children perhaps gave her the greater opportunity, but her admirably adapted mental equipment is the basic cause.

Marked capability, intellectual courage and sound judgment are among her assets, while her cordial, direct manner is born of her genuine fondness for people, not of expediency.

Knowing Mrs. Harding, as I do, I should say that the White House will see during the next four years much gracious hospitality but very few conventional society functions—no more than the exigencies of the case require.

On a very recent occasion, some time after the Chicago Convention, Mrs. Harding said to me "The longer I live, the more faith I have in the common people and the greater my affection for them. I don't know just what we mean by 'the common people,'" she said laughing, "but I am for them."

dollars. Congress also puts a small department of the Government at her service, a department which is in charge of all improvements on public buildings and grounds. The head of this department accompanies the new mistress of the White House all over the building on a tour of inspection when she first arrives. They peer into every nook and cranny, turn out the contents of old trunks and closets and examine the steward's books like any other good

housekeepers. These searches are certainly fascinating, and sometimes satisfactory. Mrs. Grover Cleveland, for example, found down in the cellar, in some old iron-bound trunks, a collection of silver known now as the "Dolly Madison silver service." Mrs. Cleveland had this service melted and made into eighty-four large dinner forks and fifty smaller ones—just why, nobody seems able to conjecture.

Mrs. Roosevelt found the old mansion in a really frightful condition, not the least of her troubles being that it was overrun with rats. Mrs. Roosevelt had rare taste and judgment and most of her innovations have remained. She did not confine them to the private rooms, but lightened up the entire place.

She pushed the gilt, toy piano of the Blue Room into a corner and installed a glorious-toned, grand piano instead. There she gave her private musicales and teas, really using one of the rooms of the State suite for something other than stiff, formal entertainments, for the first time in its history. She banished scores of pictures which were eyesores, and made a collection of the really good paintings of the house, hanging them down in the East Corridor where the public might see and appreciate them, both for their art and historic values.

Neither Mrs. Taft nor the first Mrs. Wilson changed any portion of the mansion very much, contenting themselves with some redecorating and the purchase of new china and glass services. But Edith Bolling Wilson expended a small fortune of her own in making the White House, so far as was possible, express her idea of what a home should be.

A number of the various mistresses of the President's House have used all their Congressional allowance in doing one single thing for the house. Mrs. Fillmore founded the first library there, and the volumes she purchased showed an excellent taste in literature. "Mrs. Fillmore," says a newspaper of the time, "found the White House in a miserable condition, dirty and bare, with no corner that seemed like a home. The great room over the Blue Room was covered with a straw carpet; underneath this was found a good Brussels carpet of the old familiar pattern (a basket of roses upset). Mrs. Fillmore had this cleaned, sent to Buffalo for her piano, shut off much of the space with screens and, with a wood fire and comfortable surroundings, made the place seem very pleasant." She must indeed have had a genius for home-making if this description is true.

Mrs. Grant used the principal part of her "allowance" for ornaments and cut-glass ware; and Mrs. Harrison invested a large portion of hers in purchasing a set of china, since she found the White House china closets "in a sad condition—hardly a whole piece, many odd ones and hundreds broken and nicked," she said indignantly to a friend.

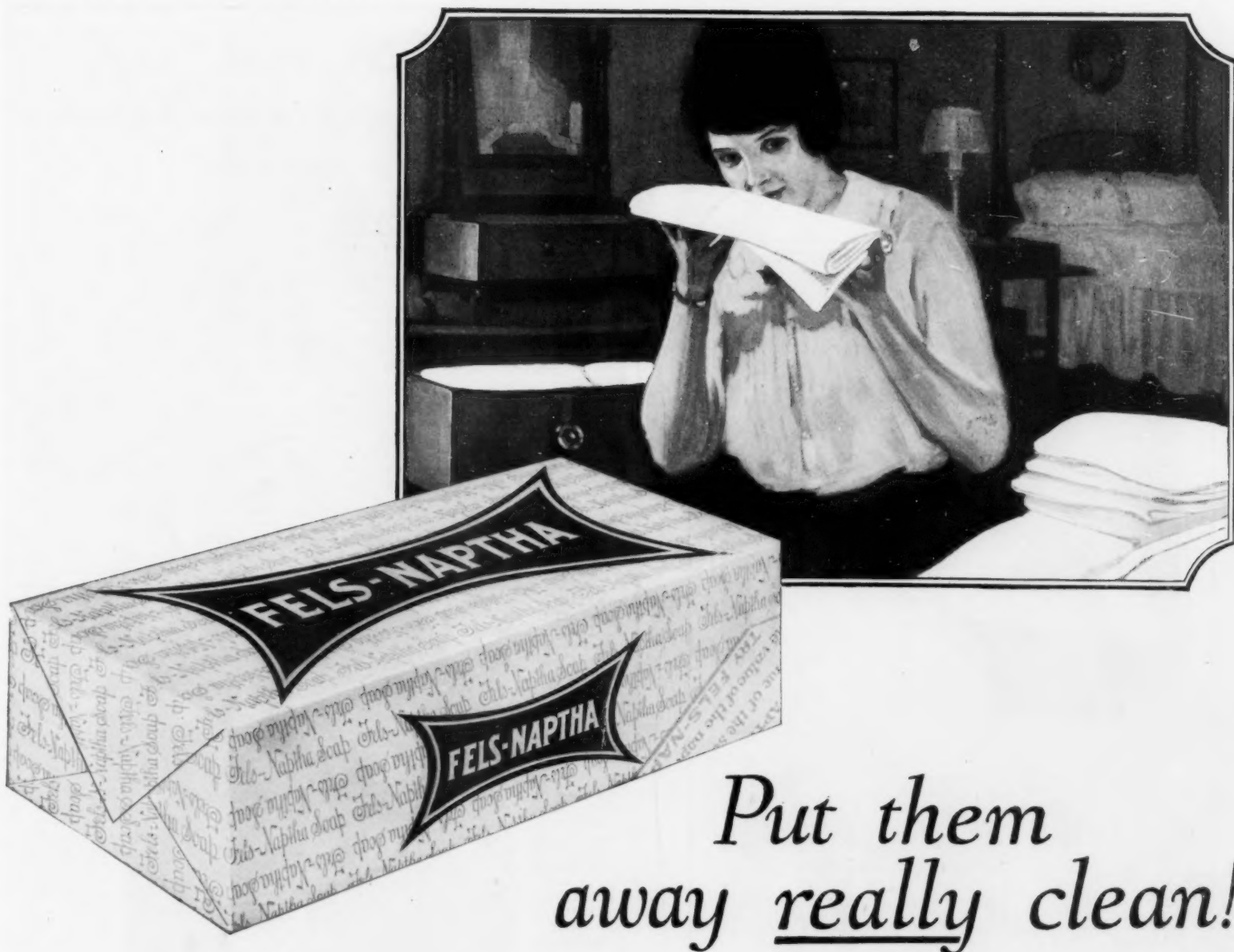
When a First Lady comes to her new home she finds a bewildering array of household goods awaiting her, and a little pamphlet, compiled by the house-and-grounds department is handed to her, containing an inventory of everything in the President's House, from the twelve hundred pieces of silver and the five hundred articles of cut glass, to the six rat-traps and one lemon squeezer.

A few details about the possessions the new President's wife will actually find in her home when she goes there on March 4th, will undoubtedly interest all housekeepers throughout the land. She will have ten sets of china in all—though none of them (like yours and mine), are quite entire—china purchased by the wives of the Presidents from Lincoln's time on. The least generously filled of any of the White House closets seems to be the linen press, for there are recorded less than one hundred pairs of sheets and only thirty-five table cloths.

In her kitchen the new First Lady will find seven hundred and sixty-eight cooking utensils, including all the working tools of the French chef, the common or garden variety of pots and pans, as well as old-fashioned preserving kettles—"a bean pot and coffee mill"—the latter from Jackson's time and still in use.

The rambling old kitchen of the White House is worth a careful study. The visitor to the Executive Mansion who is allowed a peep into it may count herself lucky indeed. It

[Continued on page 33]



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What a satisfaction to put away white clothes and dainty linens made white with a Fels-Naptha washing! And how sweet and wholesome they are sure to be—even weeks or months afterward when you take them out!

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Feet First

They Are the Foundation of Grace and Health

By Augusta Rucker, M.D.

DO you remember DuMaurier's heroine, Trilby of the beautiful feet? DuMaurier, an artist himself, chose a heroine with perfect feet, the beauty which so seldom belongs to a modern woman. Though Trilby had lived in Paris all her life, she had never worn French heels. "She had always taken as much care of her feet," says the author, "as many a fine lady takes of her hands. It was her one coquetry, the one real vanity she had."

But, after all, is it coquetry to protect so important a member of the body from malformation and incapacity? "It is a wondrous thing," the author continues, "the human foot, but it is seldom a thing of beauty in civilized adults. It can sometimes be very ugly, indeed—the ugliest thing there is, even in the fairest and highest and most gifted of her sex; and then it is of an ugliness to chill and kill romance, and scatter love's young dream, and almost break the heart. And all for the sake of a high heel and a ridiculously pointed toe—mean things, at the best!"

If appearances alone were concerned in this matter of shoes we should let things go their own way. But the miseries arising from bad shoes and improper fittings are so numerous and so depleting that appearances become by comparison of minor importance.

THE NORMAL FOOT

The main outlines of anatomy are the same for all feet. The foot is a flexible structure made of twenty-six bones held together by tendons and controlled by a system of muscles. Seven large, irregularly shaped bones are joined together to form the heel and instep. From this more solid portion of the foot, nineteen smaller bones extend in five radiating lines, forming the fore part of the foot of a bridge or arch, supported by the heel at one end and the ball of the foot at the other. This is the main arch of the foot. For maximum strength, it should be a moderately high, firm curve. An exceedingly high arch is not the strongest one.

Besides the main arch there are several minor arches. The most important of these is the transverse arch, which extends from side to side in the ball of the foot resting upon the inside and the outside portions of the sole.

It is an interesting fact that the strength and elasticity of the foot, the ability to carry the entire weight of the body on this seemingly fragile bone formation, is due to the structure of the arches. Anything which weakens or breaks down the arches lessens their capacity to bear the weight of the body. Falling of the arches is often accompanied by extreme pain; even where the lowering is slight the foot is so weakened that walking any distance is a practical impossibility.

DON'T TOE OUT

Ability to maintain the necessary strength of the foot depends upon allowing the foot muscles free action. The artificial support of stiff shoe arches reduces muscle action and if persisted in will leave the unassisted foot incapable of carrying the weight of the body. All normal feet have these characteristics: a straight inner border, forward pointing toes, and a space between the first and the second toes. Normal feet naturally toe straight ahead in walking.

Toeing out tends to sagging inward at the ankles; this sagging places further strain on the arches and weakens the muscles. Everything should be done to give the muscles full freedom of action. A small child illustrates the proper muscular action in barefoot walking. In many older persons the foot has been cramped so long that the muscles controlling the toes have lost their power, and a main source of strength and movement is lost.

POSTURE

A good posture is as much a mark of beauty as regular features. With the proper carriage the head is erect; the chin, in; the chest, forward; the abdomen, flat and firm; the back, straight and strong; and the feet are pointed straight forward.

When the feet and ankles are weak, or bad shoes and bad habits prevent the correct distribution of weight, the whole position of the body is thrown out of poise.

The effect of the wearing of high heels is to shift the weight from the longitudinal to the transverse arch, and at the same time to tilt the body forward. To



offset this, one bends backward from the waist, causing the hollow back and forward thrust of the abdomen.

The first requirement in a good shoe is the straight inner border following the straight inner lines of the natural foot. The heel should be low and broad.

The shank should be flexible. In the natural foot the arch is flexible and plays an important part in every step. When the shank is stiff, this natural movement is prevented and the muscles deteriorate from disuse.

The same principle of freedom applies to the use of the ankle, and for this reason low shoes are better than high shoes.

But if your shoe is well shaped and yet too short or too narrow, it may be just as harmful as a badly shaped shoe. One should always stand when trying on shoes. The inside of the shoe should measure an inch in excess of the actual foot length.

Pressure and friction cause a blister; and if applied constantly, the system protects itself by developing many additional layers of skin and forms a callous.

When the pressure is greater, corns develop from the callouses. The tough dead skin forms in the shape of a wedge, which is pressed, point downward, until it bears upon the nerves to a painful degree. Nothing short of the removal of the pressure will permanently remove the corn. So-called "bunions" begin with wearing shoes, which, by bending the great toe toward the center of the foot, force the joint at the base of the toe into prominence.

When conditions are extreme, the only treatment is an operation. In the early stages, relief may be secured and deformity prevented by inserting a wedge-shaped piece of felt or rubber sponge between the first and second toes.

Ingrowing nails are another result of pressure. Cut the nails squarely across, and press cotton under them.

Swollen or burning feet may be relieved by frequent bathing in warm salt water. In fact, to keep the feet in good condition, daily bathing and thorough drying are of first importance.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild
A LOVELY FOOT. THE RAREST OF BEAUTIES, IS AN EXQUISITE THING

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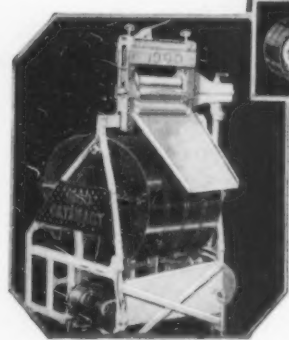
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THE DAINTY, IRRESISTIBLE BLOUSES one sees in the shops, the clinging, graceful negligees, the soft, intimate little underthings—did you know that they, too, can be popped right into the shiny copper tub of the 1900 Cataract Electric Washer, and that out they will come, all their first freshness restored, and sweet and clean as new?

THERE are two very definite reasons why everything can be washed in the 1900. First, the tub, whose lining is smooth as the palm of your hand, has not a single thing in it to catch and tear fine fabrics. Nothing to snatch off buttons! No parts to lift out and clean after the wash is finished!

And then, there is the magic figure 8 motion—an exclusive feature. The water swiftly swishes back and forth through the clothes in a figure 8 movement, *four times* oftener than in the ordinary washer. Thus the clothes are washed faster.

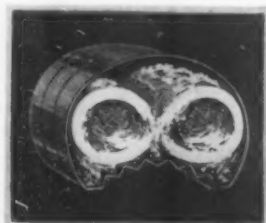
The electric wringer is reversible, and can be shifted to any position. Only eight to ten minutes are required to wash a tubful of clothes, and the 1900 costs only a few cents an hour to operate. You can buy a 1900 Washer on deferred payments, too.

Write for a copy of the interesting story "George Brinton's Wife". It's a book you will enjoy, and you'll learn some surprising facts from it.

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The water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

1900 CATARACT WASHER



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

A PRETTY AND SIMPLE FINISH for children's dresses. First mark points or scallops in bottom of skirt, sleeves and neck, and stitch along the lines with coarse thread. Cut just outside the stitching and put a row of single crochet over the stitching, using some fast-color cotton. This finish is quicker than embroidery and fully as strong and attractive.—Mrs. R. W. B., San Pedro, California.

A CORN COB CUT IN HALF is a most effectual scraper for aluminum utensils. The corn cob cleans the vessel without scratching it.—Mrs. J. P. D., Cameron, South Carolina.

TO KEEP COLLARS, CUFFS AND RIBBONS FRESH when they must be packed in a suitcase, slip them between the pages of a magazine, preferably one which you want to read later.—Mrs. L. J., Wapanucka, Oklahoma.

PLACKET OPENINGS WILL NOT TEAR if a hook and eye are sewed to the bottom. Fasten them down flat with a pair of pliers.—Mrs. O. B., Moreland, Indiana.

TO DYE A BIT OF RIBBON, RAFFIA OR THREAD quickly, mix some oil paint with enough gasoline to wet the article. When the desired shade is acquired, dip the goods and it will have a "never fade" oil color.—Mrs. L. J., Pinnacle, Arkansas.

TO RESTORE ACCORDION PLAITS, take a long pin and run through the outer ridge of plaits pushing the plaits as close together as possible. Place the pins about two inches apart lengthwise of the plaits, and leave overnight. If the area is too wide for ordinary pins, use hat pins or plain invisible hairpins.—Mrs. L. B. V., Davenport, Iowa.

REMOVE VARNISH FROM OLD TABLES in this way: Shred strong yellow soap and pour boiling water on it, leaving it until it becomes soft soap. Pour it over the old varnished surface and leave overnight. Wash off and if a clean surface does not appear, apply again to those spots where the varnish still clings.—Mrs. W. T., Chico, California.

AN INVALID TABLE is easily made from a folding sewing-table. Saw off two legs and rest that end on the bed, letting the other legs stand on the floor. If it is not high enough for the bed, screw wooden door stops into the bottom of the legs.—Mrs. F. H., Atwater, Ohio.

SMALL BUTTONS CAN BE SEWED ON EVENLY by measuring the space by the lines on writing paper. Make pencil dots at the ends of the lines on the cloth. Buttons can be grouped by skipping a certain number of lines.—Mrs. D. McF., Red Oak, Texas.

CHILDREN'S POCKETS SOON TEAR away because of the strain on the corners. To strengthen these corners sew on each a button to match those used elsewhere on the garment.—Miss D. M. B., Warren, Ohio.

IF THE STOCKINGS taken off at night are needed next morning, wash them at night and wring. Crumple up newspaper into balls and push them into the stockings. They will dry much more quickly.—Miss P. S., Conyers, Georgia.

INSTEAD OF BUYING ICE in winter try the following plan: Fill an old galvanized or enameled pail full of water and place a stick in the water with one end protruding about six inches above pail. Now let it freeze solid. When frozen solid turn the pail upside down in the sink and run hot water over it to loosen the ice. Then take the ice by the stick frozen into it and place in the refrigerator.—J. L. S., Grass Range, Montana.

TO BAKE LAYER CAKES WITHOUT HEATING UP THE KITCHEN, use the waffle irons on the gas or oil burner. This saves fuel and throws out much less heat than the oven. Several layers can be baked in a few minutes.—Mrs. D. L. B., Banta, California.

TO DUST WICKER FURNITURE and iron work, use an old shaving brush dipped in oil. It reaches into places difficult to clean with mop or cloth.—Mrs. A. C. T., Hood River, Oregon.

IF YOU HAVE NO WIRE DRAINER in which to wash silver, push holes in a tin can. Stand forks and spoons in the can and immerse in hot suds several times, swishing it from side to side. Scald well and set aside to drain. Polish off with a dry cloth.—Mrs. C. N. B., Johnson City, Tennessee.

TO REMOVE A STAMP FROM AN ENVELOPE, cut a blotter to the size of the stamp, soak it in cold water, and lay it over the stamp. Remove blotter in a few minutes and the stamp will come off.—V. H., Grafton, North Dakota.

IN MENDING STOCKINGS, small pieces of georgette crepe are very useful. Put crepe on darning ball and darn stockings to the crepe, trimming off edges afterward. The crepe is strong and thin and saves much sewing.—F. E. H., Columbus, Ohio.

A MEASURE WILL ALWAYS BE AVAILABLE in the most convenient spot if the outer edge of the little drawer of the sewing-machine is marked into inches by means of white paint and a fine brush.—Miss F. D., Vancouver, British Columbia.

NEVER USE SCISSORS TO CUT FUR. Dampen the skin side and stretch on a board with the fur side down. Fasten with small wire nails as fine as a pin. When the skin is thoroughly dry, measure and chalk. Cut with a paring knife or any knife sharp enough to cut. Sew carefully with fine stitches, using cotton thread. This is my method as a practical furrier.—A. E. P., Seattle, Washington.

HOW TO CLEAN FURS AT HOME. Wash and thoroughly dry a hair brush—one with firm bristles is best. Cover the bristles with absorbent cotton. Brush the fur gently but firmly, always going the same way as the fur lies. When the cotton gets soiled change it. When finished shake the fur well to make it stand out again.—Mrs. G. R., Asheville, North Carolina.

AN EMPTY PASTE JAR—the kind with a well for the brush—makes a fine outfit for greasing tins, waffle irons, etc. Fill the jar with lard and keep the brush in the well ready for use.—Mrs. W. N. P., East Hartford, Connecticut.

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Such snowy whiteness can hide no impurities or ingredients. The smooth, firm surface tells of the expert blending of materials. Each cake is fragrant with the goodness of the soap itself.

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FAIRY  SOAP

PURE, WHITE, FLOATING



FORTUNATE IS THE GIRL TO WHOM HER MOTHER TALKS FRANKLY

Don't Marry Blindfolded

Letters to the House the Girls Built Ask for Knowledge

By Mary Gordon Page

LOVE, in some of its phases, is the problem that comes in most of the letters to the House the Girls Built. Sometimes these letters express the desire for love; again they express misunderstandings, jealousies, changes. Occasionally there is a letter from a girl who is struggling for fundamentals; reaching out for vital things. For example, this:

Dear Mary Page:

I am eighteen years old, and have just finished high school. I have always been considered reserved, and my mother has always been reserved with me on certain subjects, and tells me nothing of what I am writing to you about. I am going to be married soon, and I am entirely ignorant of many things that it seems essential that a girl should know. I have many friends, but no intimate ones that I can ask these questions of. They are delicate questions, I know, but if you can help me, I shall be very grateful.

It is deplorable that this reticence of which she speaks should exist between mother and daughter; but its existence is the rule rather than the exception. And the result is that this girl, still in her teens, and innumerable others, marry and enter into the relationship by all odds the most important of their lives, without knowing what they are doing. Or even *why* they are doing it, for they are in the grip of emotion and an elemental urge they do not understand. And these very girls have been carefully trained by their parents against signing papers they have not carefully read through. And yet they enter into this tremendous contract without understanding it.

But this reticence of their parents is natural, and is rooted in a fine thing—the mystery and the sacredness of love between a man and a woman. The question has long been whether knowledge or ignorance is the better safeguard to the beauty of this relationship. Stevenson, in his essay to youths and maidens, marveled how, with the education with which they were equipped, not that some met shipwreck in the difficult voyage of life together, but that *any* made port. And his wonder had to do with the different standards, and social ethics that the sexes were taught, and with their ignorance of the psychology of love. Complicate this with an ignorance of physiology and the problem becomes enormous.

The modern answer to the question is that knowledge, not ignorance, is the safeguard. Wise parents are now teaching the facts of life to their children—teaching them early, long before adolescence, so that they may be known while they are yet impersonal, and have no emotional connection with the child's own life. What has long been thrust aside as sex knowledge, undesirable for a child to have, has come to be accepted as the teaching of the truths of creation, and a guidance of the strongest force in the life of most individuals. Those who have accepted this modern view believe that evasions of a child's questions—the questions that are asked before reticence is developed—are the real offenses against fine feeling and are the worst possible preparation for life as it is.

But the girl who wrote the letters, and the innumerable others, had not the benefit of this modern view.

Sex, and its mysteries, has been a thing of which she must not speak; and none must know that she thinks of it. And so she is about to be married; genuinely in love perhaps, but instead of being able to give her heart and her mind and her high hopes to the new life, she is harassed by curiosity and a vague dread.

It is, however, an ignorance that need not go on. There are books to be obtained which simply and clearly make plain these matters.

The United States Public Health Service has issued a list of books on Sex Education, that has been approved by Rupert Blue, Philander P. Claxton and Charles W. Eliot. Of the many books on this list, the ones likely to be most helpful to the about-to-be-married are:

For Girls and the Mothers of Girls, by Mary C. Hood, published by Bobbs-Merrill; *The Way Life Begins*, by Bertha C. Cady and Vernon M. Cady, published by American Social Hygiene Association; and the *Three Gifts of Life*, by Nellie M. Smith, published by Dodd-Mead.

The Hood Book for Girls is recommended by the American Social Hygiene Association as being the best book published on sex education for girls.

There is no lack of books which will be helpful; nor need there be difficulty in obtaining them. The American Social Hygiene Association at 105 West Fortieth Street, New York, has a complete library of books on sex education, and these books will be lent. They will be sent anywhere in the country if the borrower will pay the postage. The association has also published many pamphlets. A list of books on social hygiene was compiled by the association, and recommended to students attending the Columbia Summer Course in Social Hygiene, and many of these books would be helpful to perplexed girls. They are books with the title "*Sex Education*," one by Maurice A. Bigelow, published by Macmillan, the other by Ira S. Wile, published in New York by Duffield. And in the library among the hundreds of others, are two which may be especially helpful: *Girl and Woman*, by Caroline Wormeley Latimer, and the *Four Epochs of a Woman's Life*, by Anna M. Galbraith.

Both these authors last mentioned are physicians. Perhaps the girl who is especially troubled by her ignorance, preoccupied by doubts and impatient of books, who finds herself unable to talk with her mother, could do no wiser thing than to have a straightforward talk with her physician; a woman, if possible, for she will find it less embarrassing.

Then there are biologies to be read. They give a new meaning to all life by assembling its laws, and establishing the bond that unites all forms of living organisms.

And from all this reading, or even a part of it, the girl will come with a knowledge not only of her body and its care, but with a clearer vision of life as a whole. She will have some conception of the biological and psychological meaning of marriage, and that it has social and racial significance as well as personal. And she will have a better understanding of

the romance of her own life, and the quickening of all her faculties under the stimulation of an emotion that no amount of abstract knowledge ever robs of its mystery and beauty when it comes to oneself.

IS there something worrying you, some problem that advice from a wise and impartial stranger will help you to solve? Mary Gordon Page is ready to help you. Write to her, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, N. Y. C.



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This offers you without cost a pleasant ten-day test. It will show you a new method of teeth cleaning which millions now employ.

It will reveal to you some facts of vast importance. They may prove life-long in effect. And they may bring to all around you a new era in teeth beauty and protection.

We now combat film

Modern dental science finds that film-coats dim the teeth. And most tooth troubles are now traced to them.

Film is that viscous coat you feel, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So the chief object in teeth cleaning now is to keep that film removed.

Old ways did not do it

The tooth brush used in old ways has proved inadequate. Despite its wide use, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. Some of them have grown alarming in extent.

Periodic dental cleanings remove the film and tartar. But there are months between when, night and day, the film may do ceaseless damage. Thus millions have found that well-brushed teeth still discolor and decay.

Scientists in late years have devoted much attention to that film. All your care cannot protect teeth if that film is left. So nothing has seemed more important than to find a film combatant.

Now several ways

Now several methods have been found and proved efficient. They must act together to accomplish all desired results. High authorities have proved these methods by clinical and laboratory tests. The best dental opinion has come to accept them. It is firmly believed that they will bring a new era in tooth protection.

These methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste conforming to all modern requirements. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption. Millions already employ it. And a 10-Day Tube is offered free, so that every home may know its good effects.

What Pepsodent does

One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest the starch deposits that

Millions now know its benefits

Millions now use Pepsodent, largely through dental advice. The glistening teeth seen everywhere now show one thing that it means.

But it also means cleaner, safer teeth. It means that film, the teeth's great enemy, is effectively combated.

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cling and form acid. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combats the great tooth destroyers in new, efficient ways. The results are quick and apparent. And they are results which old methods never could accomplish.

Facts you should know

These facts are important. Few people escape these troubles caused by film. Few teeth glisten as they should.

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Few children reach the age of 15 without some film-caused troubles. Young teeth are most subject to attack. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be applied twice daily from the time the first tooth appears. Men who smoke find these stained films particularly apparent. But the greatest object with adults is to ward off pyorrhea.

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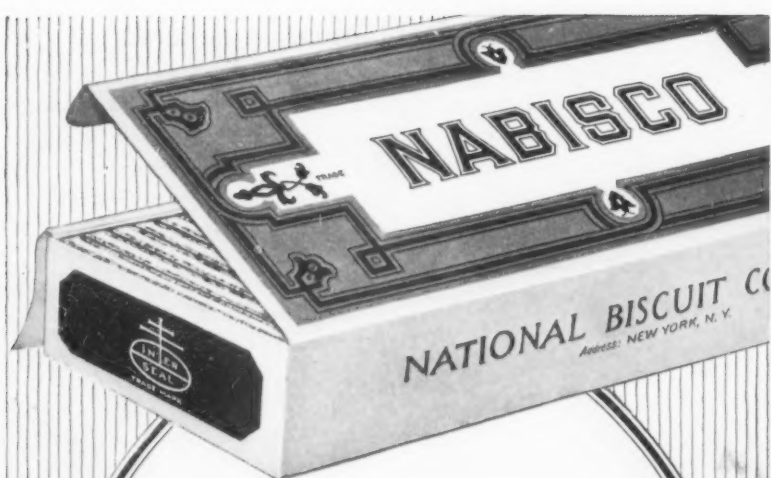
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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Old Iron

[Continued from page 6]

"This," he said deliberately, "is a Limoges enamel box of the finest period. It is copper, inlaid with enamel. It is an amazing find. Where did you obtain it?"

"I bought it at a sale of the effects of an old lady named Brandt, at Greenwich. She died intestate, and had no relatives."

"You are in luck's way, Jim Canning."

"But why was it painted dark green?"

"There are many mysteries in our profession. It was probably stolen, many years ago—possibly a century ago. The thief knew that the piece was too well-known to attempt to dispose of for some time. So for security he painted it in order to hide it. Then something happened. He may have died, or been sent to prison. The box passed into other hands. Nobody worried about it. It was just an old iron box. It has probably been lying in a lumber-room for years."

"It's been lying in my shop for five months. Is it worth a great deal, Isaac?"

Isaac thoughtfully stroked his chin. "I am of opinion that if it is undamaged it is worth many thousand pounds."

Jim looked aghast. "But I only gave six-and-sixpence for the lot!"

"It is the fortune of our profession."

The upshot of it was that Jim left the box in Isaac's hands. At first Isaac wished to waive the question of commission, but finally agreed to sell it on a ten per cent. basis—fair bargaining on both sides.

Jim returned home, almost dazed by the news. Was it fair to obtain such a large sum of money in such a way? And yet, who should have it, if not he? The old lady had not even any relations.

He said nothing about his find to his wife or to Annie. He did not wish to buoy them up with false hopes. Perhaps, after all, Isaac might be mistaken. A thousand pounds! Why, he could retire upon it to—Shorwell Green, where it was so quiet and peaceful. But no! Clara would not agree to that. The Camden Road! He detested the Camden Road, but still, there it was. Clara was his wife. It was only fair to consider her wishes.

He went back to his work as though nothing had happened. Weeks went by, and Jim heard nothing about the enamel box; and then, one morning, he received a note from Isaac asking him to call round at once. When he entered his friend's shop he knew that something exceptional had happened. Isaac was excited. "Come into my little room," he said.

When they were seated, he elaborately produced a check from his vest-pocket, and handed it across the table to Jim. "Here is your little share. I have kept my commission."

It was a check for £4,140. Isaac had sold it for £4,600 to a well-known collector.

The rest of that day was like a dream to Jim. Truly, he returned and pretended to be busy. In the afternoon he even went out and trundled his barrow, calling out, "Old iron! Old iron!"

"I need not do this any more," he thought. His mind was occupied with many visions. It was a bright spring day, with light, fleecy clouds scudding above the chimney-pots. How beautiful it would be in that Sussex vale! The flowers would be out, and the young pollard-willows reflected in the cool streams. Pleasant to lie on the bank and fish, and forget this grimy life. And Annie, racing hither and thither, picking the buttercups and marguerites, and nestling by his side. Freedom! Freedom, by one of those queer twists of fate.

The day wore on, and he still continued his work in a dazed, preoccupied manner. When evening came, a feeling of exhaustion crept over him. Yes, probably he was tired. He wanted a rest and change. How fortunate he was. And yet he dreaded breaking the news to Clara. She would immediately demand a complete social upheaval. A new house, new furniture, luxuries, and parties—social excitements. During supper he was very silent.

"I will tell her afterward," he thought. Annie was in bed. She should be told tomorrow. But tonight it must be broken to Clara. After all, it was true, she was his wife. He tried to recall the moments of passion and tenderness of the early days of their honeymoon, but all the other ugly visions kept dancing before his eyes. But still, she was his wife, and if she wished to live in the Camden Road, well—

It was nearly dark, and Clara went out of the room humming. She seemed peculiarly cheerful tonight. Almost as if she knew. He fingered the check in his breast-pocket. She had gone upstairs. When she came down he would lay the check on the table and say: "Look, Clara! see what has happened to us!"

And then he would be a little tender with her, try to make her understand how he felt. They would start all over again.

Jim was sitting there with his fingers on the check that was to be their means of reconciliation, and with the tears already banked in his unuttered speech, when Clara put her head in the door. She had her hat on. She said: "I'm going to the post."

Jim removed his hand from his breast-pocket. He sat back, and heard the door slam. "I'll tell her when she comes in."

But Clara never came in. He waited half an hour, and then he thought: "She's gone to some dissipation with a friend. I'm sorry she has disappointed me on—a night like this, though."

He sat dreaming in the chair, till he became suddenly, painfully aware of cold. It was quite dark. He lighted the gas. It was one o'clock. He felt his heart beating with a physical dread. Something had happened to Clara. He blundered his way out into the hall, where a gas-jet flickered feebly, and groped for his overcoat. On it he found a note pinned. He turned up the gas higher, and read:

I'm going off to Ted Woollams. I'm sick of you and the stinking little house. Ted's made a bit in America, and I give you the address. You can do what you like about it, but it's no good your ever trying to get me back.

Clara.

It was characteristic of Jim Canning that this note made him cry. He was so sensitive to its utter callousness and ingratitude. Then he dabbed his eyes with his old red handkerchief and went upstairs. He tapped on Annie's door; then he opened it and said quietly: "Annie, it's all right, my dear. It's only me. May I come in?"

The sleeping child was awake abruptly. She held out her arms.

"I ought not to have woken you up, my love, only I felt a little—lonely. Annie, would you like to come away with me to a beautiful place in the country, where it's all woods and flowers, and little streams?"

"Oh, Daddy, yes! And would there be lambs, too, and little pigs and calves?"

"Yes, my dear, all those things; and birds, too, and quietness and freedom."

"But, Daddy, could we?"

"Yes, dear; I've had some good fortune."

Annie was very wide awake now, and she sat up and clapped her hands. "Oh, Daddy, when can we go?"

"Quite soon, my dear. Perhaps in a few weeks."

When he had closed the door, he dabbed his eyes again and thought: "It was unthinking of me. I oughtn't to have woken her up; but—she is all I have."

A week later he wrote to Clara:

Dear Clara,

I understand that for the last week you have been living with Ted Woollams. I do not criticize your action. We are all as God made us. I shall in the dew course take divorce proceedings not as an act of hostility to you but that you may marry the man of your choice and be respectable. I also shall share with you the result of a good deal last week in order that you may not want and so close with check for £2,070. I think this fair.

Jim.

It was Isaac who helped him over all the difficult problems which occurred at that time, and it was Isaac who persuaded him that he was overdoing the "fairness" to Clara. He said that £500 would be lavish. So in the end, Jim altered the check to that amount. It was Isaac who took over the little shop, which he used as a kind of dumping-ground for his superfluous stock. And it was Isaac who, a year after, returned letters addressed to Jim in a handwriting he recognized. "Gone away. Address not known." And it was he who, in later years, bore the brunt of the wild invective of a drunken harriidan who said that her husband had deserted her and would not hand her any of the fortune he must have inherited. He replied that he knew nothing. Mr. Canning and his daughter had left London. He thought they had gone to Australia.

When she had gone, he said to himself: "It would distress Jim to know that a woman who had once been his wife had sunk to such a condition."

As he passed through to the room at the back he smiled, and thought: "How fortunate she did not come in here!"

On the table was a large bowl of red and white roses, with the label and card still lying on the table. On the card was inscribed: *With love to Uncle Isaac. A.* The postmark on the label was a village in Sussex.



Healthy Children —What a Blessing!

MODERN CHILDREN are certainly healthier than those of a generation ago. Mother, who cares so well for her kiddies, need only recall her own girlhood to note the difference. Better foods, sensible diet, sanitary appliances and preventive medicine have all helped to cut the infant mortality rate from 30.4 per cent of all deaths in 1900 to 20.8 per cent in 1918.

U. S. Census Bureau
Reports Amazing Gain

THE following is quoted from the Nineteenth Annual Report, Mortality Statistics, of the United States Census Bureau:

"In 1900 the deaths under 1 year of age formed 20.7 per cent and those under 5 years 30.4 per cent of the total deaths at all ages, but for 1918 the corresponding percentages are 13.2 and 20.8. The big decreases in these percentages are undoubtedly due, in large part, to the better care which children now receive."

Gone is the day of black, bitter medicines. Mother would rather not dose the children's stomachs at all, but how to avoid this in treating cold troubles has been a problem.

Vick's VapoRub is the solution. This invention of a North Carolina druggist, a salve applied externally, penetrates and vaporizes. Released by the body heat, the healing fumes of Menthol, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Turpentine, Thyme, Cubebs, and Juniper are

inhaled right into the affected air passages with every breath for hours after use.

For children, Vicks can be used freely without harmful effect. It has a hundred uses in the home, not only for inflammations and colds of the nose, throat and chest, but for skin diseases, cuts, bruises, burns and stings—"an ever present help in time of trouble." Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 9193, Greensboro, N. C. A generous trial tin will be sent free.

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Any well-cooked or dry cereal has a more delicious flavor if served with Dromedary Dates, stoned and cut in half. No other sugar or sweetening will be required.

Serve Dromedary Dates

PLAIN or in combination—with cereals, salads, muffins, and sandwiches—Dromedary Dates add a wholesome sweetness and delicious flavor.

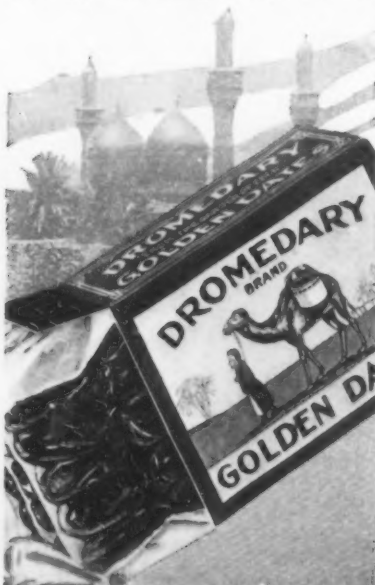
Children need no coaxing to eat their morning dish of cereal when you add Dromedary Dates—delicious sweet fruit from the Garden of Eden—fresh and clean, satisfying and wholesome.

Specially selected from the choicest crop, golden Dromedary Dates are fresh, moist, and luscious. They are healthful and easily digested. Write today for

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EVERY MOTHER—EVERY BABY



Picketing the Winter Danger Zone

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau of Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

THE danger zone for baby used to be plainly marked out as the hot days of summer. It was then that milk was likely to spoil and upset the tiny, delicate digestive apparatus; and babies stand heat less well than grown-ups. But so much has been found out about warm-weather troubles that the sickness rate has decreased marvelously and we have come to think of summer disturbances as easily overcome.

When we turned our attention to the enemies that attack baby in winter we discovered an interesting thing. It isn't heat or cold that opens the door to sickness. It is too much of either.

The two most dangerous foes of the baby's life during the winter are respiratory diseases—including coughs, colds and pneumonia—and the contagious diseases. Little babies are practically immune to diphtheria and, to a great extent, to scarlet fever, but they do have measles or whooping-cough, which are dangerous in themselves, and also because they are often complicated by bronchitis or pneumonia.

The time when these diseases are at their height is generally in the late winter months or the first spring months.

CLOSED-WINDOW DISEASES

We have learned that there is no reason why diarrheal diseases should be any more prevalent in summer than any other time of year, if we use the knowledge we have for preventing their occurrence. Now we are learning that there is no reason why contagious diseases or respiratory diseases should be any more prevalent in winter than in summer. I wonder how many mothers have noticed that contagious diseases and the occurrence of coughs and colds begin just as soon as the weather becomes colder and children are kept indoors. American houses are almost universally over-heated and under-ventilated. It is the first criticism an Englishman makes of us. Contagious diseases might well be called "closed-window diseases."

FRESH AIR

Fresh air is the most important preventive of the winter diseases we have. If windows were kept open in the winter and fresh air were as readily available as it is in summer, contagious diseases would not be any more prevalent in the cold weather than they are during the warmer months. The baby and the little child must have fresh air in winter as well as in summer. There is no great difficulty about this. Even the tiniest and most delicate babies can sleep in rooms with open windows after they are a month old, and for babies who are more robust, the windows may be left open in the sleeping-room after the first two or three days of life.

NO HIGHER THAN 65 DEGREES

The temperature in living-rooms for young children should never be allowed to go above sixty-eight degrees, and it is far better to keep it at sixty-five degrees or even lower. Every room should be adequately ventilated, both day and night. This does not mean that the room should be flooded with cold air, but it does mean that there should be a constant current of fresh air flowing in and out.

The use of window boards is the easiest way to achieve this. The boards should be about an inch thick, as long as the window is wide, and about six inches wide. The lower sash should be raised and the window board set directly under it. The window should then be drawn down to reach the upper edge of the board. The air enters between the upper and lower sashes of the window, the current going to the top of the room and keeping up a constant gentle motion of air without creating a draft.

FOR VENTILATION

Another excellent method of providing ventilation in very cold weather is to take out part or all of the upper window pane and cover the opening with a layer of unbleached muslin. This will allow constant ventilation and will obviate drafts. The little baby may be safely kept in such a room all night.

Young babies should be out-of-doors as much as possible during the day except in the case of very heavy storms or high winds. This is practicable in any climate, provided the child is accustomed to outdoor life from earliest infancy, and is an almost sure preventive of contagious diseases, coughs, colds and the more serious types of respiratory diseases.

A study was made in New York City a few years ago to determine the relation of ventilation in school classrooms to the occurrence of respiratory diseases. It was found that in rooms which were artificially ventilated, the windows being kept closed, the rate of occurrence of coughs and colds was ninety-two per cent. greater than in classrooms which were ventilated wholly by open windows.

THE QUESTION OF HEATING

Closely connected with the question of ventilation is that of heating. The best type of general heating for homes in winter, as far as the child's health is concerned, is steam. Next to that comes hot air radiators. For individual rooms there is nothing better than the open fireplace, because it combines both heat and ventilation. The difficulty with the open fireplace, of course, is that its heat does not extend very far into the room. Where stoves are used, extra precautions must be taken to provide opportunities for bringing fresh air into the room. Certain types of jacketed stoves are more desirable than the ordinary kind, because they have features which aid in ventilation. Any fire in a closed room will use up the oxygen in the air, and if the temperature is maintained at a high point, little children may easily be weakened and made less able to resist disease. Under no circumstances should gas stoves be used to warm rooms in which children are to live or sleep.

CLOTHING IN WINTER

A great many children are bundled up much more than is good for them during the winter. Generally, even in the coldest climates, children should not wear warmer clothing indoors than they usually wear in mild summer weather. For outdoor use, both the baby and the older child should have warm, but light coats, hoods or caps, and mittens. Cotton underclothing should be worn during the entire year, except for delicate babies and in excessively cold climates.



YOUNGSTERS SHOULD BE KEPT OUT-OF-DOORS IN WINTER, TOO

mates or on the special advice of a doctor. There is no reason why babies should wear woolen shirts. Our grandmothers were wrong about that.

Long sleeved, high-necked cotton underdresses are best for winter use. Mothers need not fear that babies will take cold if this advice is followed. Cotton underclothing, instead of causing colds, will prevent them.

The indoor clothing needed for the little baby in winter consists of a cotton under-

vest; woolen band for the first month and after that a knitted cotton band with shoulder straps (the use of which is optional); cotton stockings (knee length), fastened to the diaper; over this the gertrude petticoat, which may be made of light-weight flannel or outing flannel, then a muslin slip. For young babies a soft knitted shawl or blanket is desirable to place around the back of the head and shoulders in cold weather to keep the cold air from penetrating beneath the covers.

WINTER NIGHT CLOTHES

At night, the bedclothing should be warm but light in weight. Woolen blankets are best for this purpose. If the baby has a tendency to throw off the covers during the night, they may be left quite loose and pinned to the sides with large safety pins. In this way the child can kick about freely without disarranging the bedclothing.

Night-drawers made with waist and drawers in one piece are preferable for both boys and girls after the first year. Those made with feet attached are the best type. In cold weather little babies may sleep in Canton flannel or very light weight flannel nightgowns. The type that is made very broad at the bottom, reaching about twelve inches below the child's feet, with a draw-string or buttons to cover the feet completely, is the best. This is the type shown in the layette designed for McCall's Magazine. Particular attention must be paid to the question of cold hands and feet. There is no reason why hot-water bags, carefully protected so that they will not burn the baby, should not be placed in the crib. In any event, the mother must be sure that the baby's hands and feet are warm before it is left for the night.

FEEDING

Babies seem to digest their food more readily in cold weather than in the summer. It is possible to give the baby the formula suited to its age and to increase the strength from time to time. The rate of gain in babies and young children is always greater in winter than during the warm months. Winter is always a desirable time to wean babies, provided they are of suitable age, because the change in feeding at that time is less apt to cause digestive disturbance.

A word of caution should be spoken with regard to the use of frozen milk for infant feeding. Older children and adults may drink milk which has been frozen and then liquified, and rarely, if ever, is there any interference with digestion. There are instances, however, where the use of such milk has caused marked stomach and bowel disturbance when fed to babies under one year of age. Care should be taken, therefore, to see that the milk is kept at the proper temperature during the winter months. If at any time the milk is frozen, powdered milk may be used for substitute feedings until fluid milk of the right temperature can be obtained.

FIRST PRINCIPLES

But the most important thing of all is for babies to get plenty of fresh air twenty-four hours of the day. Let the tiny baby have his nap on the porch in winter, too, after he has been thoroughly wrapped up. Let the little toddler play in the cold outer world.

If all mothers of young babies could learn and apply the simple methods that have been mentioned above, there would be no problem of the winter baby. Contagious and respiratory diseases that cause so much illness among little babies in the winter and so much anxiety for their mothers can be controlled and prevented as easily and as surely as the diarrheal diseases which have heretofore been our greatest menace to babies in the summer-time.

Dr. Baker will be glad to help you with your problems concerning the health and training of your baby. Of course she cannot prescribe, but she is ready to give what advice can be given by letter. Enclose stamped envelope and address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 12]

mother, but that living core of her own self—hidden, buried, put off, choked and starved as she felt it to have been all that morning. It rose up now, passionately grateful to be recognized, and looked back at him.

She felt her pulses whirling with an excitement that made her lean against the wall as he took a great stride toward her, crying, "Oh, make an end—make an end of—"

The door behind him opened; Elly ran in, red-faced and dusty. "Mother, Mother, Reddy has just come off her nest. And there are twelve hatched out of the fourteen eggs. Mother, I wish you'd come and see. Mother, if I practise good won't you come afterward and look at them?"

"You should say practise 'well,' not 'good,'" said Marise, her accent openly ironical. Over the child's head she exchanged with Vincent Marsh a long, reckless look, the meaning of which she made no effort to understand.

With a dry, clattering, immediate rattle, without distance or dignity, the thunder broke threateningly over the house.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Soul of Nelly Powers
July 20

THE big pine was good for one thing, anyhow, if it did keep the house as dark as a cellar with the black shade it made. The side porch was nice and cool, even on a hot summer day—just right for making butter. The churning was getting along fine, too. The dasher was beginning to go that blob-blob way that showed in a minute or two the butter would be there. A thunder-storm was coming, too. You could feel it in the air.

Nelly went on with the regular rhythmic motion, her eyes fixed dreamily on the round hole in the cover of the churn, through which the dasher-handle went up. She loved to churn. She loved to have milk to look out for, anyhow, from the time it came in from the barn, warm and foamy and sweet-smelling, till the time when she had taken off the thick, sour cream, like shammy-skin and then poured the loppered milk spatteringly into the pigs' trough. She liked seeing how the pigs loved it, sucking it up, their eyes half-shut because it tasted so good.

And then it was so nice to be forehanded and get the churning out of the way before noon. She would have time this afternoon, after the dishes were done, to sit down with the sprigged calico dress for little Addie. She could get the seams run up on the machine before supper-time and have the hand-work, buttonholes and finishing for pick-up work for evenings and odd minutes.

That would be a real pretty dress, she thought, with the pink sprigs and the pink feather-stitching in mercerized cotton. Addie would look sweet in it. She ought to have a new hat to wear with it. A white straw with pink flowers on it. But that would cost a couple of dollars. Anyhow, everything was so dear now. Oh, well, Gene would let her buy it. Gene would let her do most anything.

She thought with pity of her sisters, mill-hands in West Adams still—or married to mill-hands—men who got drunk on the sly and didn't work regular and wanted all they made for themselves. Gene and his mother were always scolding about the money they could have had if they'd 'a' kept that woodland on the mountain. They'd ought ha' been really poor the way she had been, so's you didn't know where the next meal was coming from. She had been awfully lucky to get Gene, who let her decide how much money ought to be spent on the children's clothes and hers, and never scolded. He was kind of funny, Gene was, always so solemn—and it was a sort of bother to have him so crazy about her still. That had been all right when they were engaged, and first married. She had liked it all right then, although it always seemed sort of foolish to her. But men were that way. Only now, when there were three children and another one coming, and the house to be kept nice and the work done up right, why, it seemed as though they'd ought to have other things to think about, beside kissings and huggings. Not that Gene didn't do his share of the work. He was a fine farmer, as good as anybody in the valley. But he never could settle down, and be comfortable and quiet with her, like it was natural for old married folks to be. If she went by him, close, so her arm touched him—if nobody was there, he'd grab her and kiss her and rumple her

hair, and set her all back in her work. She liked Gene all right, only she had her work to get done.

She churned meditatively, looking off toward the mountain where the Eagle Rocks heaved themselves up, stiff and straight and high. She went on with her reflections about Gene. It was more than just that it bothered her and put her back with her work. She really didn't think it was just exactly nice and refined to be so crazy about anybody as that. Well, there was a streak in the Powerses that wasn't refined. Gene's mother! Gracious! when she got going, laughing and carrying on, what wouldn't she say, right out before anybody. And dancing still like a young girl! She hoped Addie and Ralph would be like her folks. Not but what the Powerses were good-hearted enough. Gene was a good man, if he was queer, and an awful good father to Addie and Ralph.

That sprigged dress would look good with feather-stitching around the hem, too. Why hadn't she thought of that before? She hadn't got enough mercerized thread in the house, she didn't believe, to do it all.

She shifted her position and happened to bring one of her feet into view. Without disturbing a single beat of the regular rhythm of the dasher, she tilted her head to look at it with approbation. If there was one thing she was particular about, it was her shoes. They could say what they pleased, folks could, but high heels suited her feet. That was another nice thing about Gene, how he'd stand up for her about wearing the kind of shoes she wanted. Let anybody start to pick on her about it, he'd shut 'em up short, and say Nelly could wear what she liked, he guessed. Even when the doctor had said so strict that she hadn't ought to wear them all the time before the babies came, Gene hadn't said a word when he saw her doing it.

There, the butter was just almost there. She could hear the buttermilk begin to swash! She turned to call to her mother-in-law to bring a pitcher for the buttermilk, when a sound of galloping hoofs echoed from the road. Nelly frowned, listened an instant and fled into the house. She went right upstairs to her room, vexed at being interrupted. Well, she would make the bed and do the room-work, anyhow, so's not to waste all that time. And as soon as Frank had finished chinning with Mother Powers, and had gone, she'd go back and finish her churning. Suppose Frank had hung around the way he did often, and the sun got higher and the cream got too warm now, and she'd have to go down cellar with it, and fuss over it all the rest of the day? She was furious, and thumped the pillows hard. But if she went down Frank'd hang around worse, and talk so foolish she'd want to slap him. What was the matter with men, anyhow? They didn't seem to have as much sense as so many calves! You'd think Frank would think up something better to do than to bother the life out of busy folks, sprawling around all over creation the way he did. Well, Frank was getting to be a nuisance. He bothered, and he was getting so impudent too. He had the big-head because he was the best dancer in the valley, and he knew she liked to dance with him. Well, she did. But if Gene didn't clump so with his feet, she'd love to dance with him. And Frank needn't think he was the only one, either. That city man who was stayin' with the old man next the Crittendens was just as good a dancer as Frank. She didn't like him a bit. She thought he was just plain fresh, the way he ordered Frank to go on dancing with her. What was it to him! But she'd dance with him again just the same if she got the chance. How she just loved to dance! Something seemed to get into her, when the music struck up. She hardly knew what she was doing, felt as though she was floating. If you could only dance by yourself, without having to bother with partners, that was what would be nice!

She stepped to the door to listen, and heard Gene's mother cackling away like an old hen. How she would carry on, with anybody that came along! It wasn't nice to be so lively as that, at her age. But she wasn't nice, Mother Powers wasn't. Nelly liked nice people, she thought, as she went back to shake the rag rugs out of the window—refined ladies like Mrs. Bayweather, the minister's wife. That was the way she wanted to be, and have little Addie grow up. She lingered at the window a moment looking up at the thick dark branches of

[Continued on page 37]



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

At this period of a woman's life, constipation, a handicap to the health and happiness of every woman, becomes doubly dangerous.

The expectant mother must nourish two. She must be able to get rid of a double waste. Failure to do so poisons herself and the child she is to bring into the world.

The organs of elimination must therefore be kept as efficient as possible under the disturbances natural to this period.

Nothing is so safe and efficient at such a time as Nujol. Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take and is prescribed by leading medical authorities, particularly during pregnancy and the nursing period.

Nujol

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For Constipation

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Mail coupon for booklet, "The Days That Go Before"—Constipation in Pregnancy and Nursing Period, to Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 701, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

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It is to your interest to look for it—to insist upon getting utensils that bear it—because aluminum utensils are *not* all the same. Time and again the metal that is used in making

"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Cooking Utensils

is passed through gigantic rolling mills and huge stamping machines under tons and tons of pressure. That is why "Wear-Ever" metal is so hard, dense and serviceable—much more so than metal of the same thickness which has not been subjected to equal pressure.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without joints or seams; cannot rust; cannot flake—are pure and safe!



Replace utensils that wear out
with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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Leo F. Sturm, 8 W. 30th St., N. Y.

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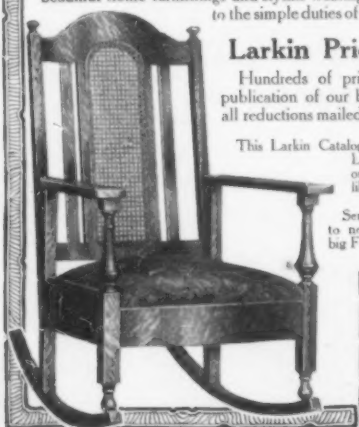
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The Finger of Fate

[Continued from page 15]

The second floor, too, seemed empty; and after a cautious search Mell started up another flight. He was nearly at the top of the stairs when a movement in the main hall below caught his eye, over the banisters. Two floors below Molly had hold of the arm of a silk-batted old gentleman and was urging him toward the front door.

"I'm going to get a look at that old boy," muttered Mell, as he skimmed down the stairs. The carpet was thick and apparently neither Molly nor her father heard him coming. As Mell approached them from behind, the old gentleman was busy with the lock of the front door, and was evidently having trouble with it.

"I wonder why they don't go down through the basement," thought Mell. From outside came the noise of a taxi briskly moving away, and firm, ascending footsteps were heard on the basement stairs.

"For Heaven's sake!" muttered Mell as the basement door swung open—"it's Aunt Agnes!"

By that time he had reached Molly's side and gave a quick glance at her father who had spun around at the sound of the opening door. Mell caught a glimpse of a mahogany cane with a gold handle, dove-colored spats and a neat gray beard, but the next moment his aunt's words claimed all his attention.

"So this is Molly!" said Aunt Agnes.

Molly gave a startled look, her eyes wet with tears.

"Don't be frightened, child," said Aunt Agnes kindly. She held out both hands and, drawing the astonished girl to her, she kissed her.

"There, there," she said, gently patting her shoulder, "I wish you wouldn't cry—"

Then, she turned to the gray-bearded old gentleman near the door.

"This is Molly's father," said Mell, hurriedly. "Mr. Ingestre, this is my aunt, Mrs. Van Ransallaer."

"Mr. Ingestre," repeated Aunt Agnes, with the gaze of one who is searching far back in the memory—"It isn't a common name, but surely you aren't any relation to old Stuyvesant Ingestre who insisted that each of his three sons should learn a trade."

"Stuyvesant Ingestre was my father," replied the old gentleman.

"Then which are you—the blacksmith? Or the tailor? Or—let me see—what was the other one?"

"The other one was a locksmith," smiled Molly's father with an utter disregard for grammar, "and that one's me!"

"YOU must be awfully mystified about Dad," said Molly to Mell the next evening, "and yet it's simple enough to explain."

Molly and her father were visiting "Twin Gables" as the guests of Aunt

Agnes, and after dinner Molly and Mell had set out for a stroll.

"From the things I have heard," she continued, "grandfather must have been an eccentric old gentleman—and Dad's a little bit that way, too. When he had learned his trade he made up his mind that he was going to invent a lock that simply couldn't be opened without the proper key."

"He spent a frightful lot of money in experimenting with different kinds of locks—and finally he thought he had it. He called his new lock the Penguin and a big factory was built to make them."

"He had to borrow money to start his factory, but the lock was a tremendous success. About a year ago, though, a group of his partners forced him out of the company, and it nearly broke his heart."

"They didn't know that he had found a way to pick the Penguin. He had a little bunch of adjustable master-keys that would open any Penguin lock that had ever been made and—"

"Of course he couldn't trust his adjustable keys to anybody else, so he simply began undoing Penguin locks wherever he saw them. Even if he had been arrested, I don't think he would have cared much, because it would have given publicity to the fact that he wanted everybody to know. Anyhow, owners began to complain that the lock wasn't any good as a protection, and it wasn't long before the news spread and sales fell off enormously."

"Dad still had a few warm friends in the company and yesterday, just before we left New York, he had a visit from two of them. The other partners are willing to sell out now for anything they can get, and his friends want Dad to go back and take control, and reorganize the company."

"He certainly is a wonder," said Mell, laughing, "but then I might have known that he was—"

"Why?" she asked innocently enough.

"Because he has such a wonderful daughter."

They walked along then for a time in silence, and somehow their hands met—and somehow, too, they failed to part again. Presently they came to a bench that overlooked the river, and they sat down.

"There's one thing, though, that I can't understand," said Molly at last. "How did your aunt happen to recognize me when she caught us in her house yesterday afternoon?"

"It's a long story," he said, "and—I have another story that I want to tell you first—"

Perhaps she caught the meaning in his voice. At any rate she looked at him with such a glance of tender inquiry, that partly in silence and partly in tremulous speech, he told her the other story—that old, sweet story which can never die.

Temptation

[Continued from page 9]

made her heart ache in sympathy. He was trying hard to be kind to her, but her efforts to please and soothe him only added to his smothered irritation. Daily he told himself that he had done nothing for which he should feel remorse; he was only trying to straighten out the tangles of temperaments at the theater. Little Mlle. Lanvally was the one sympathetic person there, that was all. He did not ask himself why he did not bring her in touch with Arlette, even in his thoughts.

On the day of the dress rehearsal his nervousness was uncontrollable. He began the morning by cutting himself with his razor, and discharging the maid. Arlette, after soothing the maid with a small increase in wages, followed him to the theater.

There were perhaps a hundred persons in the orchestra seats—dressmakers and milliners who had designed the costumes, art decorators who had helped with the settings, writers for French and American fashion journals. There was a light hum of talk, a rustling of paper and gowns, and behind the curtain, hasty hammering and shouted orders. Arlette found a seat alone in a box. The three raps sounded and the curtain rose.

The plot of the play developed. Stella Keanlow played well, holding herself in check, until the big scene; Vivette was excellent in the part, which required only that she be herself. Arlette could feel the audience suspending judgment, still ready to be swept into wild enthusiasm or dropped into weariness. Robert's whole future hung on

this play, and Arlette forgot her own unhappiness in her nervous tension. Scene eight opened. Almost instantly she knew that it would go badly. The emphasis was wrong: Vivette, not Yvonne, was carrying the scene. Impetuously, her eyes flashing, her dark head tossing, she caught up and broke every silence on which Miss Keanlow's effects depended. And Keanlow herself went through her lines without force or conviction, making no effort to control the situation.

The play went weakly to pieces; staggered on to an unconvincing end. The curtain went down. The little audience applauded politely and went out to carry to all Paris, as Arlette knew, the rumor that *Temptation* was a failure. She felt a rage, beside which her feeling for Vivette Lanvally was feeble. Running down the corridor she tore open the door that led to the stage and knocked at Stella Keanlow's dressing-room door. White and hot-eyed, she entered.

"What do you mean? It was you that let the scene go to pieces. I saw you do it. You are ruining my husband!"

Stella Keanlow looked up tranquilly. "A little ruining would do some people good," she said. "Won't you sit down?"

"I don't understand you. What has Robert done that you should hate him so?"

"Nothing, nothing, my dear," the actress said, turning in her chair and taking Arlette's resisting hand. "I don't hate him. Listen to me. All men are children. That's

[Continued on page 40]



Check Please

[Continued from page 13]

delight. Play it a few times—"he shrugged expressively—"and one is tired of it. Play it more than that and the neighbors complain. Then of course it gets scratched. With the record in your possession over Saturday and Sunday, you will be sick of it by Monday. . . . How much better to postpone the buying, wait until next week, so that when you return from the office, seeking the solace of rest and relaxation and music—"

Mr. Twillett was now plainly impatient. "Rot!" he remarked, "I know what I want and when I want it." He made a move again to leave the room, "And now I'll have to run along."

The guardian of the door did not budge. "Not yet," he said, "not until you've let me have that five dollars. I've tried to appeal to your better self, Twillett. You have proven callous. Now—are you going to lend me that five, or am I to tell the office that I saw you at One Hundred and Third Street last night in a ribald condition, with a large, blond woman—"

"I wasn't."

"A large blond woman—in a like state—whom your companions referred to as Big Marie—"

"That's—that's not so—" exploded Mr. Twillett.

"And that she remarked upon your suggestion of sending her home in the subway when there was a taxicab stand only across the street. She used the word 'piker' and 'hard-boiled egg,' in the conversation, as I recall."

"There was not a cab in sight," declared Mr. Twillett.

"Must the office know of this?" asked Gardner. "Must you be subjected to such weak jests as 'Just met a friend of yours, Twillett: little blonde called Big Marie—or—'"

The pink face of Mr. Twillett grew pinker.

"This is blackmail," he cried.

"It is necessity," corrected Gardner.

A little less than five minutes later he was pushing his way through the revolving doors of the restaurant where Cynthia sat as hostage at the table in the choice corner. Triumph was sparkling in his eye and eleven dollars glowed within his bill-fold.

It might so easily have been tragic. Suppose, for instance, Twillett had not forgotten his stick, or that he had not possessed the lever of scandal with which to pry off the reluctant five dollars. Gardner revealed in the thought of how fortune was breaking his way.

A party for the moment obscured the view of the corner table. Making his way around them, Gardner came suddenly to a stop. At the table with Cynthia was—yes—another girl. A large, healthy girl, suggestive of tremendous vitality and an unbounded appetite. As he stood there transfixed Cynthia caught sight of him.

"I was just this moment confiding my fears to Lucy—Miss Fitch, Mr. Barnes—" said Cynthia—"thought you'd been run over or something."

"And I," remarked the newcomer, as the waiter served the steak she had ordered, "must apologize for intruding this way. I came in and saw Cynthia here all alone, with a kind of pining expression, and so I joined her."

"She simply saved my life," commented Cynthia. "Aren't you terribly grateful?"

"Grateful is hardly the word," he managed to reply, "I am overcome."

He was. The second catastrophe did not shock him; it left him numb. The disheartening thing is to find that your longest plank won't span the chasm, that your best of luck is not quite good enough. The calm of desperation settled upon Gardner, as Lucy with an efficiency in eating that deserved more than honorable mention, romped along the menu from Cape Cods and steak and cauliflower Hollandaise—lettuce-and-tomato salad—to pistache ice-cream and petits fours. What a champion to enter in a pie-eating contest!

But along with his admiration of her performance, came the realization that Lucy was consuming time as well as food. Another move must be made; and this time Gardner felt that to be plausible there must be more of finesse about it than had characterized the first.

A few minutes later he managed to extract a business card from one pocket and a stub of a pencil from another without arousing attention. He called the waiter to refill his glass, at the same time motioning surreptitiously to the man to take the card with a brief but pertinent notation scribbled thereon. The waiter retired to a discreet distance, examined the card, and nodded slightly in understanding.

Lucy was beginning the onslaught upon the salad when a small boy, stuffed into a smart livery of blue, with gold buttons, wound through the tables with his small silver tray, and emitted from time to time an approximation of the words: "Mr. Barnes—Mr. Barnes—Mr. Barnes."

To all this Gardner appeared oblivious; then Cynthia caught the name.

"That's for you," she exclaimed.

Gardner started, frowned a moment in perplexity. "Don't know what it could be," he said slowly, "unless it's a call from Hartford I expected—" and as the boy halted—"What Mr. Barnes is it that's wanted?" he asked.

It seemed that it was a Mr. Gardner Barnes and that he was wanted on the long-distance telephone. Whereupon Mr. Barnes arose, annoyance written unmistakably on every feature.

"Will you pardon me a second time, Cynthia? And Miss Fitch?"

At the sidewalk, Gardner paused irresolutely for a moment.

"Taxicab, sir?"

"Yes."

As the vehicle rolled to the curb Gardner leaned near to the driver's ear.

"Where's the nearest pawn-shop?" he asked.

"Levy's, Third Av'nyuh."

"Let's go there in a hurry," said Gardner.

With the taxi waiting outside, Gardner entered the shop and unsnapped his watch, hardly thicker than a silver dollar, from its chain.

An anemic young man, coatless and wearing a golf cap, examined it silently.

"Sixty dollars," he pronounced finally, gazing listlessly out of the window and drumming on the counter. Gardner hesitated a moment. He did not need that much and he foresaw that the more money one borrows the more there is to pay back. Then flashed into his mind the picture of Lucy Fitch, so jolly and—capacious.

"Let's have it all," he said decisively.

In all, less than ten minutes had elapsed between the time he left the table and the moment at which the taxicab put him down again at the doors of the restaurant. As he stepped out, a sincere gratitude for the knowledge of the taxi driver came over him. He expressed it by an unusual tip.

"You saved my life," he admitted to the man at the wheel, "knowing just where to go."

The driver's face broke into a seamy smile.

"Most of the young fellas I picks up here says that," he answered, twisting his body to put away the money in the most inaccessible pocket. "Much obliged, sir."

Within the restaurant a stocky man, apparently somewhat past fifty years of age—his general contour indicating that many of those years had been spent in the midst of good living—stood by Cynthia's chair, engaging her in conversation. His right hand rested familiarly on the back of the chair. A fat cigar was stuck between the large fingers.

To Gardner as he entered it was obvious that both the man and Cynthia were angry. Before he could reach the girl's side, the other had replaced his cigar savagely in his mouth and stalked away. The sight of Cynthia's flushed face, the fire of indignation in the wide gray eyes, sent a quick surge of wrath through Gardner.

"Was that man bothering you?" he asked, his voice hard and none too clear.

She did not answer directly.

"He made me perfectly furious," she said, gazing ahead.

Gardner made a move to leave the table. "I'd better go out and talk it over with him."

"No, no, he—meant it all right," protested Cynthia, restraining him.

"Meant nothing all right! I know his kind—wife and family at home, and always with an eye to chasing some girl young enough—to be—"

"His daughter," she supplied, then laughed. "You're quite right. Gardner—only sit down, please—that's father, you see."

The righteous rage in the young man gave way to a sense of being rather foolish.

"It's all about his throat," the girl went on, "he drives around in this winter weather in an open car. To get air, he says. He won't exercise. And he thinks he's a big, strong man and can't catch cold. I bought him a muffler, a perfectly gorgeous thing, just as I told you about when we sat down, only you weren't paying much attention to me. . . . And when

[Continued on page 38]



"—and Mince Pie"

How often we overhear patrons end their orders at hotel or restaurant tables with these words. For Mince Pie—None Such Mince Pie—is the great American dessert.

Only the finishing touches are left for the chef or housewife to add in baking None Such Mince Pies. We collect and prepare the many choice ingredients and do nine-tenths of the work of pie baking in our model kitchens.

In case you do not wish to bake your own, your baker will be glad to supply you with None Such Mince Pies.

You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it.

Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day, and as such is observed nationally.

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NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd. - Toronto, Canada



None Such Pudding: Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful sifted chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT





"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

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from

The Royal Educational Department

Editor's Note—Waffles! Griddle Cakes! Biscuits! There is nothing which requires so little time and trouble and yet returns so much in family health and happiness as these foods when baked at home with Royal Baking Powder!

Day in and day out, the Royal Educational Department is discovering new facts in baking. Thousands of women know the never-failing accuracy and delight of Royal Recipes. But there is more of a service in this department's work than just the publication of recipes. The department is really headquarters for all baking information, which it gives freely on request to every user of Royal Baking Powder.

Prize Griddle Cakes and Waffles

To Get First Prize

TO make a perfect waffle—one that would capture first prize at a food show is easy if the Royal recipe given on this page is used. The waffle should be about half an inch thick, evenly browned, crisp outside—and soft and tender within. Sugar is never used in a perfect waffle batter, for the waffles are served with sugar or syrup.

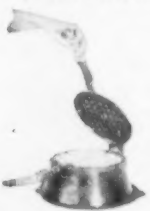
To Prevent Hard Edged Griddle Cakes

GREASE the griddle only enough to keep the cakes from sticking if you want them light and fluffy on the edges as well as in the center. Too much grease causes the cakes to "draw" on the edges and to fry brittle and hard.

Greasing the Waffle Iron

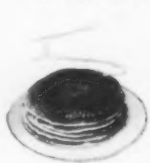
JUST the opposite from greasing the griddle, the waffle iron should be greased very well indeed to prevent the waffle from sticking to the iron. The waffle iron should be very hot—almost smoking—when the batter is poured in.

How to Fill the Waffle Iron



WITH a tablespoon pour just enough batter into the iron to permit the grooves to be filled evenly but not covering the tops of the black squares; close the iron and count twenty slowly; then turn the iron and count fifteen slowly. If too much batter is put in, the waffle will be too thick, and will take so long to bake that it will become tough and leathery.

When to Turn Griddle Cakes



turning cakes will make them tough and soggy.

To Keep Pancakes Light

THE finest baked griddle cake will become soggy with steam if it is put on a cold plate. Slip it from the griddle to a hot plate, but do not flap it over again. Never pile more than four cakes on a plate as a larger number will be apt to steam upon standing, also making the cakes soggy.

Eggless Griddle Cakes and Waffles

IF you have a griddle cake or waffle recipe calling for two or three eggs, one or more of the eggs may be omitted by adding about a spoonful of Royal Baking Powder in place of each. Royal, however, is one of the very few baking powders that can be used in place of eggs in this way, as some baking powders leave a bitter taste in the food.

A New Way to Serve Pancakes

WITH a thinner pancake batter make large-sized pancakes—large as the pan will hold. Then place four together with butter and syrup or jelly between each cake, and cut in pie-shaped pieces for serving—making four servings from each plateful.

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All of the recipes which you have liked so well on Royal pages together with many new recipes and discoveries, are given in our New Royal Cook Book. Write for your copy. It is free. If you send us the names and addresses of three friends interested in home baking we will supply them also free of charge.

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Royal Baking Powder Co., 134 William St., New York

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Service
Watch for it

Cut these out and Paste in Your Cook Book

Royal Hot Griddle Cakes

1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 eggs
1 1/2 cups milk
1 tablespoon shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening; mix well. Bake immediately on hot griddle. Serve with butter and maple syrup.

French Pancakes

1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 tablespoon sugar
2 cups milk
1/2 cup cream
jam
powdered sugar

Sift together flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt. Add eggs which have been beaten with the sugar and to which milk and cream have been added. Batter should be very thin. Heat small frying pan in which a little butter has been melted. Pour in just sufficient batter to cover bottom of pan. Cook over hot fire. Turn and brown on other side. Spread with jam or preserves and roll up. Sprinkle with a little powdered sugar and serve hot.

Royal Eggless Griddle Cakes

2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 1/2 cups milk
2 tablespoons shortening

Mix and sift dry ingredients; add milk and melted shortening; beat well. Bake on slightly greased hot griddle. Serve hot with butter and syrup.

NOTE: Royal cans are always full weight. To avoid spilling the powder, shake down contents before opening and hold bottom of can firmly. Slowly twist off cover.

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

Waffles

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
3/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups milk
2 eggs
1 tablespoon melted shortening

Sift flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt together; add milk to yolks of eggs; mix thoroughly and add to dry ingredients; add melted shortening and mix in beaten whites of eggs. Bake in well greased hot waffle iron until brown. Serve hot with maple syrup. It should take about one minute to bake each waffle.

Buckwheat Cakes

2 cups buckwheat flour
1 cup flour
6 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 1/2 cups milk or milk and water
1 tablespoon molasses
1 tablespoon shortening

Sift together flours, Royal Baking Powder and salt; add liquid, molasses and melted shortening; beat three minutes. Bake on hot greased griddle.

Rice Griddle Cakes

1 cup boiled rice
1 cup milk
2 teaspoons shortening
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Mix rice, milk, melted shortening, salt and well-beaten egg; stir in flour and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle.



Uncle Sam's Correspondence School

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the free edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the others may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Washington Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

State Maps

THE United States Geological Survey has prepared maps of most of the states showing the principal cities, towns, villages, streams, and railroads and the main political subdivisions. These maps are printed in black and white on a scale of 1,500,000 and cost from 20 to 25 cents each. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to quote a price on a map of your state or purchase a copy for you.

Whooping-Cough

THIS booklet, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, tells of the symptoms of whooping-cough and, in the absence of complications, gives suggestions for its treatment. Whooping-cough is one of the most serious diseases of childhood, both in its immediate and remote effects.

Write to our Washington Bureau for a copy of this booklet so that you will know the best way to care for the youngster who has caught this disease.

Good Water for Farmhouses

THIS booklet, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, emphasizes the importance of a pure water supply for the farm house and contains suggestions and illustrations for the location and construction of the well or water supply.

Get a copy of this booklet from our Washington Bureau.

Measles

MEASLES, in common with other diseases of childhood, has come to be looked upon as an unavoidable accompaniment of youth. Yet measles takes the life of 10,000 American children annually, not to mention the large number of cases of inflammation of the eye and ear which are left behind as a mark of its visitation. Write to our Washington Bureau for a copy of this booklet and learn more about the symptoms and course of this disease and how to guard against its complications.

Fish-Roe Recipes

IN a few months spring will be here and with it comes the season when fish roe will be plentiful in the markets. Many housewives will want to serve this fish product but are without recipes for a varied serving.

To meet this condition, the United States Bureau of Fisheries has prepared a leaflet of 85 fish-roe recipes. Our Washington Bureau will be pleased to obtain a copy for you so that you may serve this delicacy at its best.

Butter Making

SINCE the introduction of the creamery system of butter manufacture into the United States, the practice of making butter at home and on the farm has largely fallen off. In spite of the fact that on the large markets the creamery product has almost entirely supplanted the dairy butter, more than one-half of the butter used in this country is made on the farm. This booklet tells how to make good butter and contains suggestions for overcoming many of the usual faults found in the farm-made article. Write to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for F. B. 876.

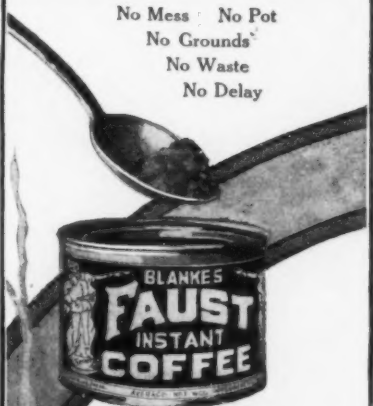
Honey Bees

THIS booklet, which is issued by the States Relations Service, deals with the ingredients of honey, its food value and wholesomeness, and its use in cooking to replace all or part of the sugar called for by the recipe. A general rule for use in cooking is to substitute a cupful of honey for a cupful of sugar and to cut down the water or other liquid by one-fourth cupful for each cupful of honey used. A copy of this booklet may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., by asking for F. B. 653.

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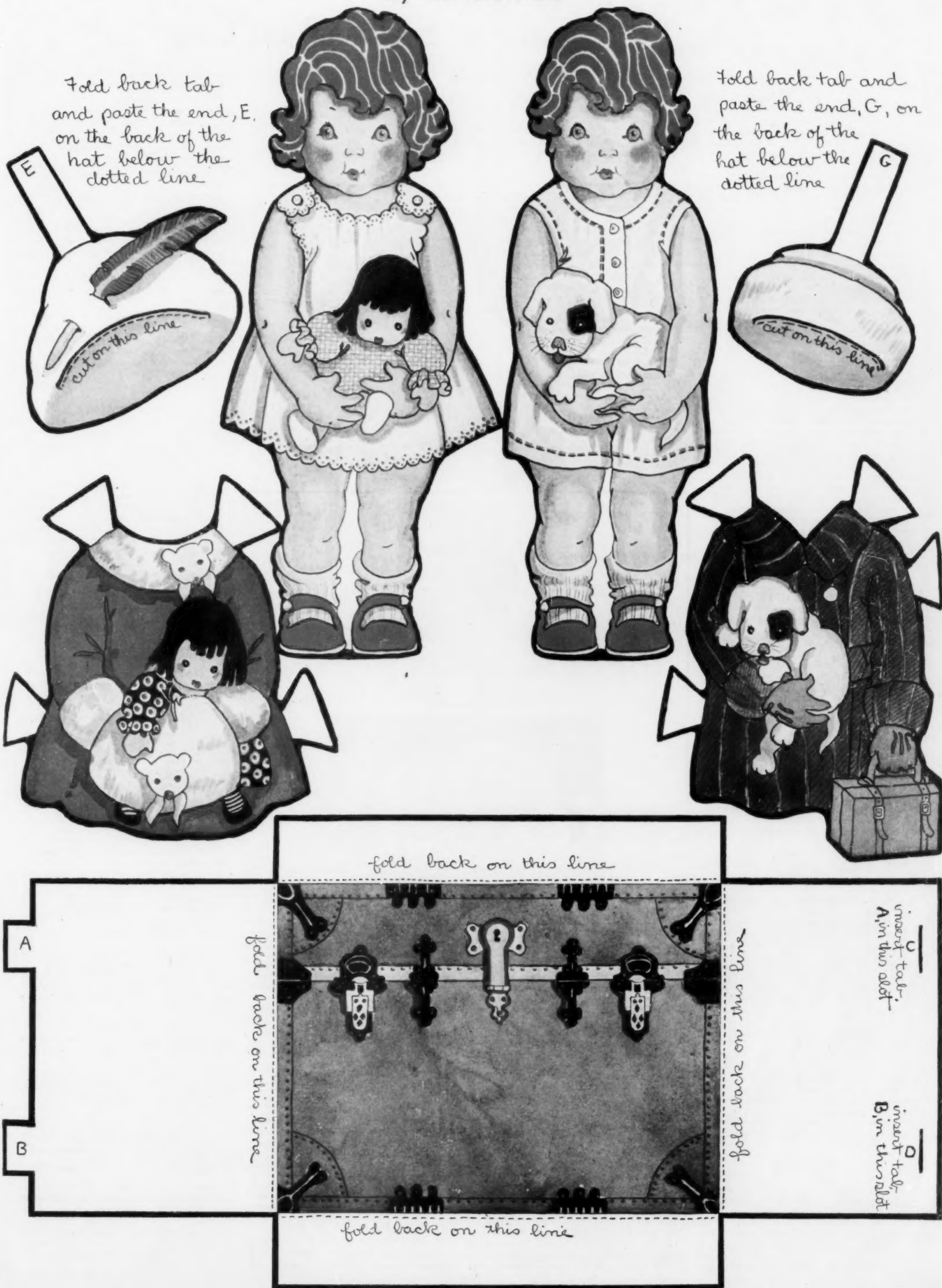
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Most any day. Keep the twins' trunk handy, please,
Next month they'll have more clothes than these.

By Barbara Hale





THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



IS there any more delicious creation that a housewife can exhibit than a perfect cake, fluffy and tender, neatly browned and luxuriously frosted?

Every woman longs to make good cake; somehow it is the test of her skill in cookery. But she can't recklessly use ten eggs and a pound of butter as her grandmother could. She must contrive to make a beautiful cake out of meager materials. And it can be done. This is the way.

Though the materials be simple, be sure that they are good; make careful measurements, accurate in every way, and get everything ready before you begin to combine. Put the fat in the bowl in which you are to make the cake, separate the yolks and whites of the eggs but do not beat them until you are ready to put them into the cake. Sift the flour before measuring and then put the baking-powder, or soda with it and sift again. If spices are used, sift them also with the flour. If there is to be fruit or nuts in the cake, save out a little of the flour and mix it with them. Have the pans greased thoroughly, and have the oven ready for baking.

EVERYTHING READY

Now begin to combine. Cream the butter or other fat—that is, work it against the side of the bowl until it is like cream. A wooden spoon makes this work easier. Then add the sugar, a little at a time, and beat until the sugar ceases to be granular. Beat the yolks of the eggs until they are light and lemon-colored and add them to the butter and sugar. Pour the milk into the bowl in which you have beaten the yolks and it will rinse off any yolk that may cling to it. Add the flour and milk alternately to the mixture, about a quarter of the flour first and then some milk and so on until it is all added; add the flavoring, then the fruit or nuts, if they are in the recipe, and lastly beat the whites of the eggs until they are stiff and cut and fold them into the mixture until they are perfectly blended with the other ingredients. Fill the pans about half full, push the batter well up into the corners, leaving a slight depression in the center.

The baking is important. Have a moderate oven, about 380 degrees. The length of time depends on thickness of the cake. When it is done it will shrink from the sides of the pan and if you touch it lightly with your finger in the center, it will rebound. Listen and if it has stopped "singing" it is done.

The care of the cake after baking is important, too. Put the pan on a cake cooler for about three minutes and carefully loosen the edges with a knife; then invert the cake on the cooler and turn it right side up after it has stood a few minutes. Do not frost it until it is cool.

No great number of recipes is necessary for a variety of good cakes. Take the following one for example:

1/4 cupful fat 2 eggs
1 cupful sugar 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls bak-
1 1/2 cupfuls flour ing-powder
1/2 cupful milk 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla

This may be baked in cup cakes, sheet cake, or layers. The layers may be filled with jam or jelly and the top dusted with powdered sugar, or frost the layers and the top with white or chocolate frosting. To make a delicious nut cake, add 1 cupful of chopped nuts just before you add the whites of egg, or, if a raisin cake, 1/2 cupful of raisins.

If you want a chocolate cake, add 2 ounces of melted chocolate just before you add the yolks to the cake. For a coconut cake, sprinkle the frosted layers and the top with shredded coconut.

For confectioner's frosting, sift a cupful of confectioner's sugar and add boiling water or hot milk, a teaspoonful at a time, until you can spread the mixture on the cake; flavor, pour the frosting over the top and spread with your spoon.

A boiled frosting is a little harder to make, but is not difficult if directions are carefully followed.

BOILED FROSTING

Mix one cupful of granulated sugar with 1/2 cupful of water and stir until the sugar is dissolved; then boil without stirring, until it will spin a long thread. Then set the sirup off the heat, and beat the white of an egg until stiff; when this is done the sirup will be just cool enough to add. Pour it over the egg white, stirring all the time and letting it come in a very

Bake Me a Cake as Fast as You Can

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

fine stream. When it is all on, beat until the frosting will hold its form on the back of the spoon. Flavor and pour at once on the cake.

CHOCOLATE FROSTING

If a chocolate frosting is desired, melt over hot water 2 ounces or 2 squares of chocolate, and add it to the frosting as soon as all the sirup is poured on the egg. If the boiled frosting hardens too fast, add a very little boiling water to it and if it seems soft put it in the ice-box for a little while; then continue the heating until it is ready to spread. Maple or brown sugar may be used the same as white. Maple sirup may be used, adding no water. Strong coffee may be used instead of water for a coffee frosting.

BUTTER FROSTING

Many people like a butter frosting which will keep moist; for this use the following:

1/3 cupful butter
1 1/2 cupfuls confectioner's sugar

Beat and add flavor, or strong coffee.

MAPLE CARAMEL CAKE
Whites of 4 eggs 2 cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1/2 cupful milk
1/4 cupful fat

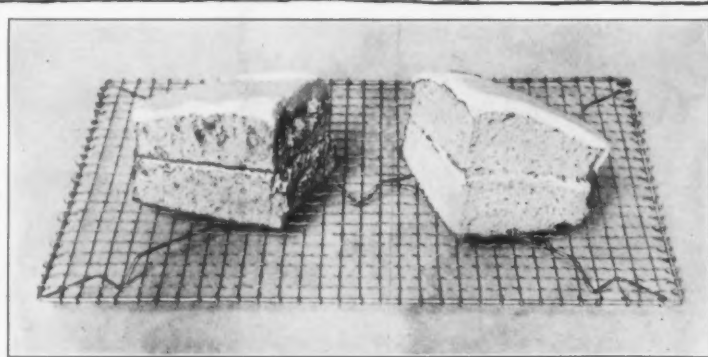
Bake in layers and fill with the following:

1 1/2 cupfuls maple sugar 1 tablespoonful butter
1 cupful sweet cream
Boil very gently for 30 or 40 minutes; flavor with 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla.

COFFEE CAKE
1/2 cupful fat 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1 cupful sugar 1/2 cupful milk
1/2 cupful strong coffee 1/2 cupful nuts cut in small pieces may be added to this.
1 1/4 cupfuls flour

COFFEE CREAM NUT FILLING
1 tablespoonful ground coffee
1 cupful milk
6 tablespoonfuls sugar
3 1/2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla
Few grains salt
1 egg
1 1/3 cupful chopped walnut meats

Scald the coffee in three-fourths cupful of milk, then strain out the grounds. In the meantime, add the



WITH NUTS AND WITHOUT—TWO VARIETIES OF THE SAME RECIPE



A FLUFFY COCONUT CAKE THAT ANY COOK MIGHT BE PROUD OF

Photographs by Hal Kilworth Coates

drop by drop, until of spreading consistency.

Frosting may also be made by using the white of eggs and confectioner's sugar. Beat the eggs slightly and add the sugar very gradually until of spreading consistency; add the flavor, beating all the time. This frosting, made quite stiff may be forced through a pastry tube for ornamenting cakes. It may be colored with the various vegetable colorings.

CORNSTARCH CAKE

1 cupful sugar 1/2 cupful fat
1/2 cupful milk 2/3 cupful cornstarch
1 cupful flour 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
Whites of four eggs 1 teaspoonful lemon extract

Sift cornstarch with baking-powder and flour. Mix in the usual way.

FEATHER CAKE

Break two eggs into a cup and then fill the rest of the cup with cream. Beat this mixture well. Beat in a cupful of sugar and 1 1/4 cupfuls flour sifted with 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Flavor with 1/2 teaspoonful lemon extract. Bake in an oven hotter than for ordinary butter cake.

cornstarch to the remaining milk, stir it into the coffee-flavored milk and cook over hot water until thick, stirring occasionally. Beat together the sugar, egg and salt, add it to the thickened mixture and cook a few moments. Cool thoroughly, add the nuts and spread the mixture over each of the cake layers. Then set one layer gently in place on the other.

HONEY FROSTING

1 1/2 cupfuls granulated sugar 1/2 cupful honey
1/2 cupful hot water 2 egg whites

Boil sugar and water together until it will thread. Add the honey slowly, and remove from the fire. Have the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Pour over them slowly the sirup, beating continuously until it holds its shape. Heap over the cake, drawing in a whirl with a fork.

RAISIN CAKE

2 cupfuls brown sugar 1 package or less seedless raisins
2 cupfuls hot water 3 cupfuls flour
2 cupfuls fat 1 teaspoonful salt
1 teaspoonful cloves 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 teaspoonful soda

Boil all the ingredients together for 5 minutes, except the flour, raisins and

soda. When cold, add the soda sifted in one-half the flour and the raisins mixed with the rest of the flour. Bake in loaves 1 1/2 hours in a slow oven, or in a sheet 45 minutes in a slow oven.

SPICE CAKE

3 1/2 tablespoonfuls fat 2 tablespoonfuls chopped citron
1/4 cupful sugar 1/2 cupful raisins, cut in half
1 egg 1/4 cupful corn sirup
1/4 cupful milk 3/4 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cupful flour (plus 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls) 1/4 teaspoonful cloves
1 1/4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder 1/2 teaspoonful nutmeg

Cream fat, add sugar gradually; sirup, egg well beaten; mix and sift dry ingredients; add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add raisins (which have been rolled in a little of the flour), mixing them through the cake thoroughly. Bake about thirty minutes.

SPANISH CAKE

1/2 cupful fat 1 1/4 cupfuls flour
1 cupful sugar 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
Yolks of 2 eggs 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1/2 cupful milk Whites of 2 eggs

Cream the fat, add the sugar gradually. Then the beaten yolk of the egg. Add the flour, in which the baking-powder and the spice have been sifted, alternately with the milk. Beat the white of egg stiff and add.

BRIDE'S CAKE

1/2 cupful fat 2 1/2 cupfuls flour
1 1/2 cupfuls sugar 3 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1/2 cupful milk 1/4 cupful almond powder
1/2 teaspoonful almond extract 1/4 teaspoonful cream of tartar
Whites of 6 eggs

Cream the butter; add sugar gradually, and continue beating. Mix and sift the flour, baking-powder and cream of tartar, and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Add extract. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff and add last. Bake about 45 minutes.

Bake ring, thimble and coin in cake. Ice with white icing flavored with almond or rose.

GOLDEN CAKE

1/4 cupful fat 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1/2 cupful sugar 1/2 cupful milk
Yolks of 5 eggs 1 teaspoonful orange extract
1/4 cupful flour

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually and yolks of eggs beaten until thick and lemon-colored, add extract. Mix and sift flour and baking-powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture.

CURRENT CAKE

1/2 cupful fat 2 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1 cupful sugar 1 cupful currants
2 eggs 1 cupful milk mixed with 2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 1/4 cupfuls flour

Cream the fat, add the sugar, then the eggs well beaten. Add the flour in which the baking-powder has been sifted, alternately with the milk. Sprinkle in the currants. Bake about 40 minutes in a deep pan.

PAT-A-PANS

1/2 cupful fat 1 cupful milk
2 cupfuls sugar 3 cupfuls flour
4 eggs 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
1/4 teaspoonful mace 1/2 teaspoonful cinnamon

Sift the spice and the baking-powder with the flour. Slightly warm the fat and stir in the sugar. Beat the eggs and add them, then the flour and milk alternately. Bake in muffin cups. This recipe may be easily divided.

FIG FILLING

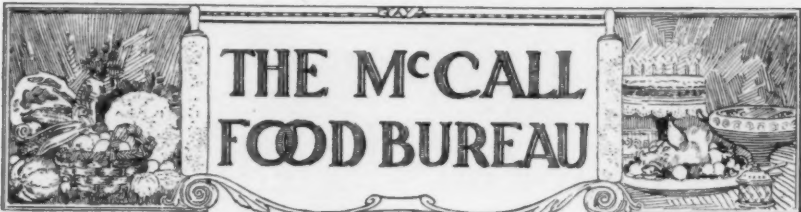
1/2 pound figs chopped 1/3 tablespoonful lemon juice
1/2 cupful sugar

Mix the ingredients and cook in a double-boiler until thick enough to spread. Use while warm. This is also good as a sandwich filling.

MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

1 cupful sugar 3 tablespoonfuls hot water
1/4 pound marshmallows 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
1/3 cupful milk

Stir sugar into milk, boil slowly eight minutes. Cut up marshmallows, pour water over them, cook mixture slowly until smooth; then add slowly the sugar sirup, stirring all the time. Beat until smooth and of spreading consistency. Add vanilla. This may be used either as a filling or as a frosting or both.



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

Try Cheese

By Mary E. Pascoe

WHAT does C-h-e-e-s-e spell to you? Does it spell merely a little hunk of yellowness served with apple pie? Or does it spell the brown and gold crust of a toothsome casserole concoction, the elusive flavor of a vegetable soup, the sizzling fragrance of ambrosia coated toast?

The piquant combinations to which cheese lends itself, added to its nutritive value, which is more than that of its weight in beef, make it a welcome meat substitute. As a flavor, it gives to an every-day dish a new turn and a fresh interest.

A little grated cheese added to the cracker or bread crumbs in which lamb

battered baking dish, cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until well browned.

HOMINY AND CHEESE CROQUETTES

2 cupfuls cooked hominy
1/4 pound or 1 cupful chopped cheese
Salt
Paprika
1 egg

Onion juice
2 tablespoonfuls butter
5 tablespoonfuls flour
1 cupful tomato juice and pulp
1 egg

Make a sauce of the butter, flour, tomato juice and seasonings; add cheese, hominy and well beaten egg. Shape as croquettes, roll in cracker dust and fry in deep hot fat until a golden brown.

NUT AND CHEESE ROAST

1 cupful grated cheese
1 cupful chopped English walnuts
1 tablespoonful melted butter
1 cupful bread crumbs
Salt and pepper
1 egg

Tomato juice to moisten

Combine ingredients and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. May be served with a tomato sauce.

CORN AND CHEESE SOUFFLE

1 tablespoonful butter
1/2 cupful green pepper
1/4 cupful flour
1/2 teaspoonful salt
3 eggs
2 cupfuls milk
1 cupful corn
1 cupful grated cheese
Paprika

Brown the green pepper in the butter, add flour, then the milk gradually, stirring continuously, then the cheese, corn, beaten egg yolk and seasonings. Fold in stiffly beaten whites, turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes.

TOMATO RAREBIT

2 tablespoonfuls butter
3 tablespoonfuls flour
1/4 cupful milk
1/4 cupful tomato juice and pulp
1/2 tablespoonful Worcestershire sauce
Paprika
1/4 teaspoonful soda
1/4 pound grated cheese
1 egg
1/2 teaspoonful salt
1/4 teaspoonful mustard

Melt the butter, add flour, milk gradually, and when mixture thickens add tomatoes heated with the soda. Then add other ingredients. Serve on toast.

EGGS AU GRATIN

6 hard boiled eggs
1/2 cupful grated cheese
2 tablespoonfuls butter
2 tablespoonfuls flour
1 1/2 cupfuls milk
Seasonings
Buttered crumbs

"YES, MA'AM. A POUND OF CHEESE IS AS NOURISHING AS A POUND OF BEEFSTEAK"

Remove shells from eggs, cut in quarters lengthwise, arrange in a buttered baking dish, sprinkle with grated cheese. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour, milk and seasonings, pour over eggs and cheese, cover with the buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until brown.

MACARONI A LA NAPOLITAINA

1/2 package macaroni
2 tablespoonfuls butter
5 eggs
5 tablespoonfuls milk
1/3 cupful grated cheese
Seasonings

Melt butter in frying pan, add macaroni well drained, let brown a little, then add eggs slightly beaten and milk, next the cheese and seasonings. Prick and lift with a fork while cooking, allow to brown well underneath, then fold as an omelet and turn on a hot platter. Serve with a parsley garnish.

CHEESE TOAST

Toast bread. Sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Add paprika and salt. Heat in oven until the cheese is melted.

or mutton cutlets are rolled preparatory to cooking is an agreeable variation. White fleshed fish is improved in the same way. A tablespoonful or two of grated cheese added to an ordinary bread stuffing combines well with baked fish. Stuffed baked tomatoes are given new charm by the addition of a little grated cheese to the filling or sprinkled over the top before putting in the oven to bake. This applies also to baked onions.

Grated cheese added to a vegetable soup, or cottage cheese balls served with a fruit or vegetable salad constitute a balanced dish. Chopped raisins, dates, nuts, or olives, when combined with cottage cheese and seasonings and put between slices of graham, rye, or steamed brown bread make a dainty sandwich.

The following cheese sauce makes a complete main dish of a meal when combined with potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, or other cooked vegetables; or it may be poured over the vegetable placed in a casserole or baking dish, covered with buttered crumbs and browned in the oven. Any of the good commercial vegetable oils or fats may be substituted for butter in the following recipes. The yellow American cheese is used.

SCALLOPED RICE, TOMATOES AND CHEESE

2 cupfuls boiled rice
5 good-sized tomatoes
2 cups canned tomatoes
Salt
2 tablespoonfuls butter
2/3 cupful cheese (grated)
Pepper
Onion salt or juice

Arrange rice, butter, tomatoes, cheese and seasonings in alternate layers in a



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Comes Mainly From Eating
the Right Foods

Note Why Raisins Are Important

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Raisins make scores of

plain food taste luxurious while adding but a mite to cost. Try them in your boiled rice, oatmeal, corn-bread, cakes, and cookies.

Always use them in bread pudding, and in other simple puddings and desserts. See how much better the whole family likes these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also. They furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Try This Raisin Custard en Casserole

1 cup sugar 1/2 cup SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins
2 cups milk 4 tablespoons cornstarch (flour may be substituted)
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract (flavor to taste)
3 eggs

Put milk in top of double boiler; mix cornstarch with a little cold milk; add salt and cook thoroughly and until mixture thickens sufficiently to hold raisins; then stir in the well-beaten eggs and add raisins, flavoring and sugar; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Delicious served with flavored whipped cream or lemon pudding sauce.

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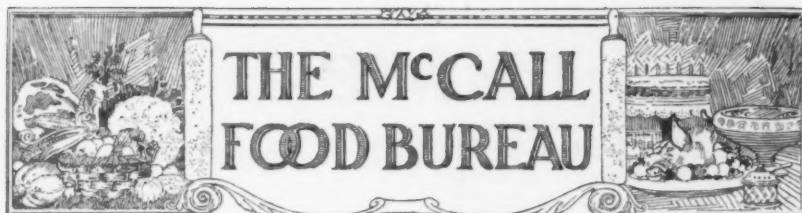
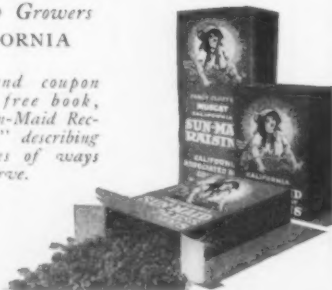
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Luncheons Quick and Hot

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

WHAT shall I serve for luncheon? That is the question every housewife asks herself as soon as the breakfast dishes are washed. In winter there is only one answer—something hot.

The first step is to go to the ice-box and look at the left-overs. Even a little scrap of this or that may serve to work a miracle. It is an excellent idea to plan to have enough left from the dinner the night before to make a foundation for the luncheon of the next day. With a little ingenuity one can transform the food so that it does not even suggest its first appearance.

The luncheon should be one easily prepared, easily eaten, and above all, nourishing. If you in your home have dinner in the middle of the day and supper at night, the dishes suggested here

put in the oven and toast until the bacon is brown.

CORN CHOWDER

1 can corn One 2-inch cube of
1 slice onion fat salt pork
6 medium-sized po- 1 quart milk
tatoes cut in small 4 tablespoons butter
pieces Salt and pepper

Cut the pork up, try it out and fry the onion in it about five minutes. Par-boil the potatoes, drain, strain the fat over, then add the corn and two cups of boiling water and cook until the potatoes are soft; add the milk scalded and season to taste. Just before serving add the butter and about 6 or 8 common crackers which have been split.

VEGETABLE OMELET

A cup of any or all kinds of left-over vegetables. Brown them in a little butter for three minutes. Make a two-egg omelet and, just before folding, spread the vegetables over one side of the omelet.

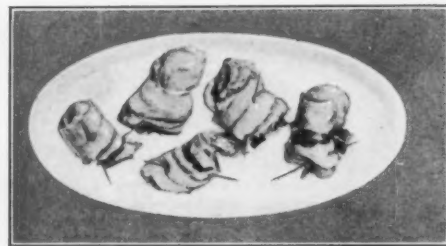
BAKED APPLES A LA MANHATTAN

Wipe and core six apples, being careful not to take the bottom of the apple out when coring. Score the skin four or five times to make an outlet for the steam when baking. Fill each apple with four raisins and two dates and 1/2 teaspoonful butter and 2 teaspoonfuls sugar. Bake in a hot oven, basting often with boiling water. Serve with hot buttered toast or crackers.

BARLEY CASSEROLE

3/4 cupful left-over Salt and pepper
barley 1/2 to 1 cupful left-
1 cupful white sauce over meat chopped
1 tablespoonful fine. (Lamb is par-
Worcestershire sauce ticularly good)

Mix all the ingredients and place in a casserole or other baking dish. Cover



LITTLE PIGS IN BLANKETS

will do just as well for the evening meal.

A hot sandwich is frequently just the thing for luncheon. In preparing the bread for hot sandwiches toast it on the outside only, as in that way it is not quite so brittle to cut and eat.

Oysters make a perfect luncheon dish. They are so quickly cooked and so satisfying. Scallops, timbales, meat and fish shortcakes, soups, stews, and vegetable and fish chowders qualify for the mid-day meal. Croquettes and fritters take more time but they can be saved for "dressy" luncheons.

HOT MEAT SANDWICHES

Slice the meat thin and heat the left-over gravy very hot; cut the bread about half an inch thick (not over) and then once through the center, making two halves of each slice either oblong or three-cornered. Toast the bread on one side, or on both if preferred. Spread a little gravy, cover the upper slice of bread, garnish with parsley or cress. Serve with dill or sweet pickle. The meat may be heated if preferred.

CLUB SANDWICH

Two slices of bread cut and toasted as above; four lettuce leaves, two slices of bacon, slices of chicken and a little salad dressing. Lay half the lettuce on first, add half the dressing, then half the bacon and last the meat; reverse the order for the top of the sandwich. Veal and pork are good substitutes for chicken.

BUSY MAN'S LUNCHEON

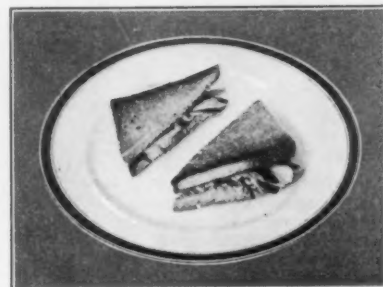
Two slices of bread toasted on one side, a hard-cooked egg chopped and mixed with salad dressing or melted butter, potted meat of any kind, and butter. Spread the bread with the butter and then with a generous portion of the meat, then the chopped egg, cover with the bread.

FRIED-EGG SANDWICH

One egg, 1/2 teaspoonful chopped pickle, 1/2 teaspoonful chopped onion and butter. Two slices of bread toasted. Spread the bread with the butter, sprinkle on the pickle and the onion and fry the egg; as soon as done put at once between the slices of prepared bread.

PIGS IN BLANKETS

Wipe and dry large oysters and wrap each one in a slice of very thin bacon, fasten with a wooden skewer. Put on a broiler and place the broiler over a pan.



THE CRISP DELICIOUSNESS OF A CLUB SANDWICH FOR LUNCH

with buttered crumbs and bake 1/2 an hour; uncover the last few minutes to brown the crumbs.

LEFT-OVER CEREAL

Put cereal into a wet mold, baking-powder can, cocoa can, or small bread tin. When cold cut in slices about one-half inch thick. Dip each slice in flour and arrange on a shallow greased baking pan. Dot over with butter-substitute or drippings and bake until light brown. Sprinkle with grated or finely cut cheese and put a small strip of bacon on each piece. Return to oven until bacon is cooked. Another good recipe is made by following the directions for arranging cereal on baking pan and when light brown spread each piece with stewed tomatoes, tomato sauce, or white sauce; sprinkle with cheese and bacon and continue as above. Either of these dishes will serve as the main course of luncheon.

BEEF SALAD

Boil medium-sized beets until tender. Pare, scoop out the center and grind the part scooped out with a little cabbage, onion, celery stalks, lettuce and cold boiled egg; season with salt, pepper and vinegar; fill the cavity, place each stuffed beet on a lettuce leaf.



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The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 29]

the big pine. How horrid it was to have that great tree so close to the house. It shaded the bedroom so that there was a musty smell no matter how much it was aired.

Frank's voice came up the stairs, bold, laughing, "Nelly, come down here a minute. I want to ask you something!"

"I can't," she called back. Didn't he have the nerve!

"Why can't you?" the skeptical question came from half way up the stairs. "I saw you on the side porch, just as I came up."

Nelly cast about for an excuse. She had an inspiration. "I'm washing my hair," she called back, taking out the hairpins hastily, as she spoke. The great coils came tumbling down on her shoulders. She soused them in the water pitcher, and went to the door, opening it a crack, tipping her head forward so that the water streamed on the floor. "Can't you ask Mother for whatever it is?" She wished she could speak right out sharp the way other people did. She was too easy, that was the trouble.

He went back down the stairs, and Nelly shut the door. She was hot all over with impatience. Her hair all wet now—and such a job to dry it!

She heard voices in the kitchen, and the screen-door open. Thank goodness, Frank was going away. Oh, my! maybe he was going to the village! He could bring some of the pink mercerized cotton on his way back. He might as well be of some use in the world. She thrust her head out the window. "Frank, wait a minute!" she called.

She ran back to her work-basket, cut a length from a spool of thread, wound it around a bit of paper, and went again to the window. "Say, Frank, get me two spools of cotton to match that, will you, at Warner and Hardy's?"

He rode his horse past the big pine up under her window and stood up in the stirrups, looking boldly at her, her hair in thick wet curls about her face. "I'd do anything for you!" he said jokingly, catching at the paper she threw to him.

She slammed the window down hard. How provoking he was! But anyhow she would have enough thread to feather-stitch that hem. She'd got that much out of him. She put a towel around her shoulders, and waited till he was actually out of sight around the bend of the road. It seemed to her that she saw something stir in the long grass in the meadow there. Could the woodchucks be getting so close to the house as that?

Gracious, there it was thundering, off beyond the rocks. She'd have to hustle to get the butter done before the storm came. She ran downstairs, and rushed out to her churn.

She began to plunge the dasher up and down. Well, it had gone back some, she could tell by the feel—but not so much, she guessed, but what she could make it come all right.

As she churned, she thought again of Frank Warner. This was the limit! He had got so on her nerves she didn't care if he never danced with her again. She wished she had more spunk, and could just send him packing. But she never could think of any sharp things to say to folks, in time.

But somehow she didn't want to ask Gene to speak to Frank. She was afraid it would get Gene excited and she spent all her time trying to think of ways to keep Gene from getting excited. The best thing to do with Gene was to keep him quiet, just as much as she could, not do anything to get him started. That was why she never went close up to him or put her arms around his neck of her own accord. She'd like to pet him and make over him, the way she did over the children, but it always seemed to get him stirred up. Men were funny, anyhow!

Why, here he was, Gene himself, come in from cultivating corn, right in the middle of the morning. Maybe he wanted a drink. He came up on the porch, without looking at her, and went into the house.

There was a crack of thunder again, nearer than the first one. She heard him ask his mother, "Frank Warner been here?" And Mother Powers said, "Yes, he came in to ask if we could loan him our compass. He's going up tomorrow in the Eagle Rock woods to run out the line between the Woodward and the Benson wood-lots. The Woodwards have sold the popple on theirs to the Crittenden mill, and Frank says the blazes are all barked over, they're so old."

Oh, goody, thought Nelly, there the butter was, come all at once. The butter—

[Continued on page 39]



My dear, it isn't a secret! Haven't you heard what a clear, healthy complexion Yeast Foam will give you.

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YEAST REMOVES THE CAUSE OF SKIN TROUBLES—USUALLY INDICATIONS OF INTERNAL DISORDERS

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Several hundred million lemons were used in this manner during

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At the Matinee

By Bernice Brown

The program says "A Tragedy—"
But in my eyes there are no tears—
Five acts of stupid misery,
Of wasted lives, of dreary years.

But I am young and I am gay
And love is very close to me,
The others weep; I turn away,
And wonder shall we dance at tea.

Must I weep then for phantom woes
When in my heart is only laughter?
The joy I flaunt today, who knows,
May claim its toll of weeping—
after.

Check Please

[Continued from page 31]

I told Father about it, he said he wouldn't go around with it, like an old grandmother—that he wouldn't wear it to a dog fight. And when I told him I didn't expect him to do that, he said I was childish. Then he strutted off—"

Cynthia sighed.

"This has been such a hectic meal," she commented with a smile.

Gardner regarded her with amusement.

"You don't know the half of it," he quoted. "Where's Miss Fitch?"

"Gone to a matinee."

"Let's us go too." He beckoned to the waiter. "Check, please."

"There is no check, m'sieu'."

"The devil there isn't," said Gardner. "What's the idea?"

"It is arranged," replied the waiter.

He retired, and there was silence for a moment at the table.

"Cynthia, did you pay that check?"

"No."

A bewildered look came into Gardner's eyes.

"Did—did Miss Fitch?"

"No," answered Cynthia, "though she should have. She ate enough for a professional wrestler . . . I—I wish we hadn't come here. But then I saw you were determined on this place. When we got here, I—wasn't very hungry, I thought. And—"

"But the check—" insisted Gardner, his mind hovering about essentials.

"I'm getting to that," continued Cynthia. "Then in came Lucy, while you were chasing those papers at your office, with that awful appetite. That made things a bit thick—"

"Nonsense," exclaimed Gardner.

"I'll tell you right now Gardner," retorted Cynthia, "you're mistaken in thinking I enjoy myself only when I'm—expensive. When I saw you were bent on this kind of place, I thought—"

"But the check—"

"Don't you see?" Cynthia asked. "There isn't any. There never is when anyone's with me here. It would be perfectly silly, with father owning the hotel . . . Gardner, don't slump down like that, as if you'd fainted."

Keeping House for Mr. President

[Continued from page 18]

is an apartment twenty-five feet long and about eighteen feet wide; on one side fifteen feet of the length is taken up by the great range with its sheet-iron hood and various warming racks. Up to President Fillmore's time, the most primitive methods of preparing meals obtained in the culinary of the house.

The old black cook was greatly upset when a range of small hotel size was brought to his quarters. He had managed to prepare a state dinner for thirty-six people every Thursday in the huge fireplace with the cranes, hooks, pots, pans, kettles and skillets, but he could not manage the draft of the new range, and it ended in a journey of the President to the Patent Office to inspect the model and restore peace in the kitchen.

The new White House kitchen, modernized, is tiled and spick and span. Only about fifty persons can be served directly from the presidential kitchen. When great dinners are given, a caterer does the work.

The servant problem in Washington is as acute as anywhere in the country. But the President's wife may always commandeer an army cook or orderly, so perhaps she is a favored housewife after all.

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Suite 355, 70 5th Avenue New York City

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCall's Magazine, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid personally appeared W. D. Beecher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the assistant secretary of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 445, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 211 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor: Miss Bessie Beatty, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: Henry J. Brown, Jr., 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.
2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: O'Brien Potter & Co., Marine Trust Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mahala D. Douglas, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; William C. Heinkel, 23 Wall St., New York City; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, 1205 First Nat'l Sav. Line Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spaulding, care of Oil Trade Journal, 120 Broadway, New York City; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 17 Broad St., New York City; Robert C. Wilson, 225 W. 39th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. D. Beecher, Assistant Secretary.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1920. JOSEPH B. ROYER, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 41. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 195. My commission expires March 30, 1921.



The Brimming Cup

[Continued from page 37]

milk was splashing like water. Now she could get at that dress for Addie, after all. Gene came out on the porch again. She looked at him and smiled.

Gene glowered at her smiling face and at her hair, curling and shining all down her back. How cross he looked. Oh, bother! Excited, too. Well, what could the matter be now? She should think any man would be satisfied to come in, right in the middle of the morning like that and find his house as spick and span as a pin, and the butter churned and half the day's work out of the way. How queer men were!

Gracious, how that lightning made her jump. The storm had got there quicker'n she'd thought. But the butter had come, so it was all right.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Before the Dawn
July 21

NEALE had lain so long with his eyes on the place where the window ought to be, that finally he was half persuaded he could see it.

At the thought his fingers drew into rigidly clenched fists, and for a moment he did not breathe.

Then he conquered it again: threw off the worst of the pain that had sprung upon him when he had wakened suddenly, hours before, with fear at last there before him, visible in the darkness.

Where before had he endured this same eternity of waiting? Yes, it was in France, the night when they waited for the attack to break, every man haggard with the tension, from dark till dawn. He lay still, feeling Marise's breathing faintly stirring the bed.

There in France it had been a strain almost beyond human power to keep from rushing out of the trenches with bayonets fixed to meet the danger, to beat it back, to conquer it. Now there was the same strain. He had the weapons in his hands, weapons of passion and indignation and entreaty and reproach, against which Marise would not stand for a moment. But there in France that would have meant an insignificant success and the greater victory imperiled. And here that was true again. There was nothing to do but wait.

Yes, but it was harder to wait now! Now there was no active part for him. He must hold back his hand from the attack which would give him the appearance of victory, and would mean everlasting defeat for him—for Marise—the ruin of what they had tried to be for each other, to build up out of their life together.

What did he mean by that? He had been thinking about it so desperately, ever since he had faced it there, squarely, those endless hours ago. He might have lost his way.

Now, once more, slowly, step by step, over the terrible road that led him here. Perhaps there was another way he had overlooked. Perhaps this time it would lead him to something less intolerable. Quiet now, steady, all that he had of courage and honesty and knowledge of Marise. He set himself to get it clear in his own mind. "Now here I am. What must I do? What do I want?"

The answer burst from him as a cry of torture—from his brain, his body, his passion, his soul—"I want Marise!" And at this expression of overmastering desire, memory flooded his mind with pictures of their life together: Marise facing him at the breakfast table; Marise walking with him in the autumn woods; Marise with Paul, a baby, in her arms; Marise almost unknown then, the divinity of her character only guessed at, looking into his eyes as the Campagna faded into darkness below them. "What was it she asked me then—whether I knew the way across the dark plain? I was a confident young fool then. I was sure I could find the way. I've been thinking all these years that we were finding it. And now, well, what am I afraid of now? There's no use lying to myself. I'm afraid that Marise is in love with Vincent Marsh. Good God, No! It can't be that—not Marise!"

He lay still, his fists clenched tight, perspiration standing out on his rigid body. Then he forced his mind to go forward.

"I suppose it's possible. Other women have. There's a lot in her that must be starved here. I may not be enough for her. She was so young then. She has grown so greatly. What right have I to try to hold her if she is tired of it all, needs something else?" He hesitated, shrinking back as from fire, from the answer he knew he must give. "I haven't any right. I

want Marise, but even more I want her to be happy." The thought terrified him like a death-sentence.

He realized where this thought would lead him, and fought against going on. He had tried to hold himself resolute, but he was nothing but a flame of resentment. "Happy! She won't be happy that way! She can't love that man! She's being carried away by that damnable sensibility of hers. It would be the most hideous mistake."

On the heels of this outcry there glided in insinuatingly a soft-spoken crowd of seductive possibilities. Marise was so impressionable, so easily moved, so defenseless when her emotions were aroused. Hadn't he the right, he who knew her better than anyone else, to protect her against herself? He could play on her devotion to the children, throw all the weight of his personality, work on her emotions. That was what other people did to gain their point, everybody did it. And he could win if he did. He could hold her.

Like the solemn tolling of a great bell, the immensity of his love for Marise loomed up, far greater than he; and before that, he felt his heart breaking.

"No, that won't do. Not when it is Marise who is in question. The best, the very best I can conceive—I must give that to Marise. A cage could not hold her, not anything but her body. Her soul's too fine. No, I mustn't use the children either. They are hers as much as mine. If all is not right between us, what would it avail them to be with us? If the years we have passed together, if what we have been to each other, and are, if that is not enough, then nothing would be enough. That would be a trick to play on her, to use my knowledge of her vulnerable points to win. That is not what I want. What do I want? I want Marise to be happy."

He said it with a dreadful calm, his heart aching, but not faltering. But he could go no further. He fell into a trance-like state of passivity, his body and mind exhausted.

For a moment he had it all clear, as though he had died and it had been something told him in another world—he did not want Marise for himself; he did not even want her to be happy; he wanted her to be herself, to be all that Marise could ever grow to be; he wanted her to attain her full stature so far as any human being could in this life.

And to do that she must be free. For an instant he looked full at this, his heart flooded with glory. And then the light went out. He was there in the blackness again, unhappy beyond any suffering he had thought he could endure. He lay still, feeling Marise beside him, the slow quiet rhythm of her breathing. Was she awake or sleeping? What would happen if he should allow the fear and suffering which racked him to become articulate? If he should cry out to her, she would not turn away. He knew Marise. She would never turn away from fear and suffering.

"But I can't do that! I won't work on her sympathy! I promised to be true to what's deepest and truest in us both. I have been, and by God, I will be! If our married life has been worth anything, it's because we've both been free and honest. She must act for herself. If I decide—no matter how sure I am I'm right—it won't be her decision. I must go on just as before—not a word or a look to influence her, till she does decide." He groaned. "That will take all the strength I have."

It was clear to him now; the only enduring future for them would come from Marise's acting with her own strength, on her own decision. He had thought that this resolve would bring another of those terrible, racking instants of anguish, but instead there came almost a calm upon him, as though the pain had passed and left him in peace.

Then he knew why the pain had left him, it had been driven away by the certainty that there was a worse fear than any he knew or ever could know. No matter what catastrophe lay before them, Marise would never look at him out of her clear eyes and act a thing that was not true. Marise would always be Marise. Why, then, whatever came, he could bear it.

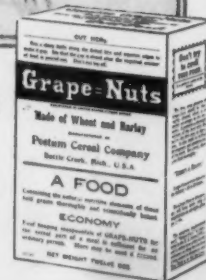
Life might be cruel and pitiless but it was not base, when it had among its gifts such a certainty as that, rock-like there under his feet, bearing him up in his pain.

He moved to her in the bed, felt for her hand and put it gently to his lips. Then, holding it in his, upon his breast, he turned his eyes toward the window, waiting for the dawn.

[Continued in the February McCall's]



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Temptation

[Continued from page 30]

why they have the imagination to be great artists. If your husband wants to let a little chit who hasn't anything in her head but her eyes—

She stopped. Arlette's withdrawing hand had suddenly clutched hers. Vivette's voice was heard through the thin walls of the dressing-room, crying, "Well, just the same it took me to carry off the play!"

"Indeed?" and "Is that so!" sarcastic voices replied. "Was that what Baulard said to you just now?"

"Pft! Baulard!" Vivette's voice was shriller. "My author will show him on which side his bread is buttered."

With one motion Arlette and Stella Keanlow turned to each other. "I'll faint," Arlette whispered quickly.

"Hurry!" the actress replied, and ran out of the dressing-room.

Baulard and Robert were explosively arguing about what should be done.

"No, Baulard, Keanlow didn't play up," Robert was saying. His face was haggard.

"Pardon, *maitre*. Madame d'Orme is quite ill—she has fainted. Can you come at once?" Stella Keanlow said, breathless.

"What? My wife? Where?"

"In my dressing-room. Hurry, please."

"*Scare nom!*" Robert flung himself toward Keanlow's dressing-room and, as he went, Arlette, his own adorable Arlette, blotted everything else from his mind.

She was lying white and limp upon the divan, like the spray of lilies-of-the-valley to which he had long ago compared her. His heart was wrung. He knelt beside her, lifting her relaxed hand to his lips and gazing at her in anguish. And instantly, as though it were in the same room, a mocking voice said, "Oh, go on! You make me tired bragging about your d'Orme!"

Vivette's voice replied, "Well, I don't have to talk. You've seen him look at me."

"Yeh, I've seen him give you glances, all right. But I don't see anything else he's given you," said a third voice.

"Oh, haven't you?" drawled Vivette.

"Well, I'm not showing all I've got."

Arlette's eyelids were fluttering. Robert clutched his head in his hands.

"And that's not all!" Vivette cried in sudden fury. "I tell you he'll give me an apartment any day I'll say the word—yes, and a limousine! I tell you d'Orme is perfectly crazy about me—"

Arlette opened her eyes wide. Robert was gone. She sat up and listened.

"Mlle. Lanvally!" Oh, but Robert was splendid when he was angry! "Go see Baulard at once and give up your part."

"Wha—what?"

"You've nearly ruined the play by your failure today. Good afternoon, mademoiselle."

"But my contract! I'll sue you. You can't treat me like this."

"Get out of this theater as quickly as possible," said Robert. "Immediately."

Arlette flopped back on the divan barely in time to smile up into Robert's relieved eyes. "Are you feeling better, darling?"

"Yes, Robert. I'm really all right." She sat up, and indeed she looked remarkably well. "Don't bother about me, you're so busy. Oh, Robert, I do love you so much."

"Arlette, darling, I love you, too—always. I've been such a brute to you lately—Oh, I've been such a fool! You know I love you, even when I'm so unkind? And I've been worried about the play, and everything. But I should have been nicer to you. Because, my dearest dear, you are all the world to me. Oh, Arlette, when I think that I didn't even know you were ill till you fainted!"

"Don't, don't," Arlette murmured, comforting him with soft pats and kisses. "I understand—I've always understood. It's all right. Don't think about me now, dear, but about the play."

Stella Keanlow's mirror, above the table littered with grease-paints and mascara, reflected Robert kneeling at Arlette's feet and kissing her hands.

It was this reflection that first met Stella Keanlow's eyes when, after tapping twice, she opened the door of her dressing-room. She had her own triumph to celebrate, too, but she did it simply by producing from the cast a girl to whom she had weeks before given a hint to understudy Lanvally. The girl's success was second only to Stella Keanlow's in the first presentation of *Temptation* on that first night that Paris still remembers, when the audience, surging on to the stage, gave Robert d'Orme an ovation resembling the enthusiasm of American college boys.

"But, oh, Arlette, it is good to be alone with you again," said Robert, as they drove home beneath the stars. "A man makes his own successes, dearest, but only the woman he loves can make his happiness."

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

ANTISEPTIC
for Pyorrhea prevention

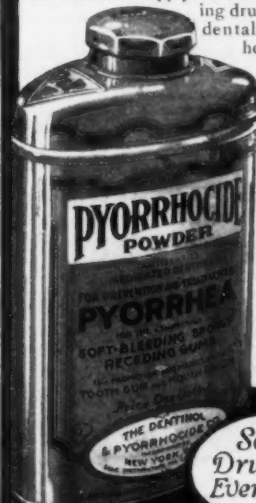


Gums that bleed easily—

that are soft and sensitive—warn you that pyorrhea is developing. Loss of teeth will surely follow unless pyorrhea is checked or prevented.

Dental clinics, devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research and oral prophylaxis, have proved the specific value of Pyorrhocide Powder for restoring and maintaining gum health. It is prescribed by the dental profession for pyorrhea treatment and prevention. It keeps the gums healthy and the teeth clean.

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Sole Distributors
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Sold by
Druggists
Everywhere

Our research work and our clinical and laboratory facilities enable us to disseminate information that is authoritative on pyorrhea treatment and prevention.

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141 Brunswick Bldg., New York

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Fashions

The New McCall Pattern—
it's printed!

WHERE the Patterns you have always used had perforations, the New McCall Pattern has *printed words*. You can imagine how much easier it is to sew, and the wonderful saving of time! You proceed simply, easily, surely—every step described to you in good, old-fashioned English on each part of the Pattern.

To the woman who sews, and to the woman who desires to learn, the New McCall Pattern comes as one of the most wonderful innovations in fifty years. The Designs 2001-2055, illustrated in this issue, are New McCall Patterns.

How to Obtain McCall Patterns

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The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2031 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 829
Price, 20 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2038 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents

No. 2038, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting, and 1/4 yard of 18-inch lace flouncing. Width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.



Transfer
Pattern
No. 1055
Price,
30 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern
2037 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents

No. 2031, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch material for the waist and panels, 1 1/8 yards of 36-inch for the vest and sash, and 2 1/8 yards of 36-inch for the underskirt. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 829, in yellow or blue, for running-stitches, couching or machine-stitching.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2045 Waist
Small, medium, large
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2028 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2039 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1033
Price, 25 cents

No. 2039, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 40-inch contrasting for chemisette. Width, 1 1/8 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1039, in yellow, for satin-stitch and outline.



The NEW McCall Pattern
2032 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

No. 2037, MISSES' DRESS. Size 16 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, 3/8 yard of 36-inch for the collar and facing, and 3/4 yards of 10-inch ribbon for the sash and the vest. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1055, in yellow, for satin- and darning-stitch.

No. 2028, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves, short or lengthened by bell sleeves; with or without accordion-pleated peplum. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.



No. 2032, LADIES' BLOUSE; kimono sleeves, lengthened by bell sleeves or cuffs. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the blouse, and 4 7/8 yards of pleating to trim.

No. 2045, LADIES' SURPLICE TIE-ON WAIST. Small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. The small size requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material for the blouse, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs.

Charming Designs which Emphasize the Latest Style-Note

No. 9725, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1025, in yellow, for darning-stitch.

No. 9725 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 1025
Price, 25 cents

No. 9785 Waist
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents
9786 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents

9779 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 863
Price, 20 cents

9781 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents

No. 9780, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette; 35-inch length from waistline. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 48-inch material, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch for the collar, vest, facing and cuffs. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

9780 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents

No. 9782, LADIES' DRESS; with or without loose panels. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch for the vest, cuffs and underskirt. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 812, in yellow or blue.

9782 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 812
Price, 20 cents

COSTUME Nos. 9785-9786.—The medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch and 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9785, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch and 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9786, LADIES' SKIRT; with or without pockets. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 10-inch contrasting. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 9778, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch for the vest. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1062, in yellow, for braid and embroidery.

9732 Suit-Coat
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
9744 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents

No. 2040, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch for the vest. Width, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1062, in yellow, for braid and embroidery.

9693 Coat
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
9675 Camisole Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2040 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern
No. 1062
Price, 40 cents

COSTUME Nos. 9778-9777.—The medium size requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9778, LADIES' WAIST. Size 36 requires 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 21-inch contrasting.

No. 9777, LADIES' SKIRT. Size 25 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

9778 Waist
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents
9777 Skirt
6 sizes, 24-34
Price, 25 cents

COSTUME Nos. 9693-9675.—The medium size requires 3 3/4 yards of 54-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch for the camisole.

No. 9693, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material and 3/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9675, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; to be worn with overdress. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch for the camisole. The width at lower edge is 1 1/4 yards. A model that is steadily advancing in favor and bids fair to assume an important place.

9782 9780 9779 9785 9725 9778 9732 2040 9693 9675

According to the Mandates of the Winter Mode

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The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2029 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents



The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2038 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents



The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2040 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents

No. 2033, LADIES' DRESS; with or without collar and side tunics. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material and 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 2 yards.



The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2033 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents



The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2031 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents



The NEW McCall Pattern
2022 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 797
Price, 20 cents



The NEW
McCall
Pattern
2016 Coat
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2024 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 30 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1065
Price, 30 cents
2011 Skirt
7 sizes, 24-36
Price, 25 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2008 Dress
7 sizes, 34-46
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1079
Price, 30 cents



No. 2008, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch velvet. Width, 1 3/8 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1079, in yellow or blue, is used for the polka dots.

COSTUME Nos. 2024-2011.—The medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. No. 2024, LADIES' BLOUSE; in two lengths. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Pattern No. 1065, in yellow, for braid and embroidery. No. 2011, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; two styles of pocket. Size 26 requires 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2029, LADIES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting for facing and sash. Width, 2 3/8 yards.

No. 2038, LADIES' DRESS; with vest. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, 3/8 yard of 18-inch for vest and 2 1/2 yards of 9-inch ribbon for sash. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 2022, LADIES' DRESS; with or without loose panels. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1 1/4 yards. Transfer Pattern No. 797, in yellow or blue, for the ever-popular darning-stitch.



No. 2016, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch material with nap, and 3 3/4 yards of 36-inch satin for lining. Of supreme importance in every wardrobe is the long, loose coat with large collar.

No. 2040, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with chemise. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material, 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting, and 10 yards of narrow ribbon for sash and around tunic. Width, 1 3/8 yards.

No. 2031, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch for vest and sash. Width at lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. The broad sash is a new and attractive feature of the winter frocks.

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Notwithstanding that there are many different kinds of hose supporters we believe none has won such an enviable reputation for quality and service or given so much satisfaction to mothers and children as the

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The NEW McCall Pattern

2026 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1079
Price, 30 cents

No. 2026, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material and ¼ yard of 36-inch satin. Width of skirt, 1½ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1079, in yellow, for polka dots in satin stitch.



The NEW McCall Pattern

2020 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents

No. 2020, MISSES' MIDDY DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 48-inch material and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width at lower edge is 2¼ yards.



9731 Coat
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents



9750 Coat
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents

No. 9750, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; convertible collar. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material, and 2 yards of 36-inch satin for lining; 7½ yards of silk braid are used for trimming in this novel manner. A very becoming coat for the up-to-date miss.

No. 9784, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with vest. Size 16 requires 1¾ yards of 45-inch material for blouse, tunic and vest, with 2½ yards of 40-inch satin for collar and skirt. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 829, in yellow or blue for motif, to be developed in machine stitching or running by hand. Straight lines are used to connect the motifs.



No. 9783, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material, and 3 yards of 9-inch ribbon for sash. Width, 1¾ yards. Transfer Patterns Nos. 1077 and 1078, in yellow or blue.

9783 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1077
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1078
Price, 30 cents

No. 9731, MISSES' COAT; suitable for small women; convertible collar. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material with nap and 3½ yards of 36-inch satin for lining. With the collar of fur, this makes a very practical coat for every-day wear.



9784 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 35 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 829
Price, 20 cents



Youthful Designs that are Distinctive and New



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2042 Blouse
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 25 cents

No. 2042, MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSE; suitable for small women; with or without lower edge rolled up in cuff effect. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Braid or 3 rows of stitching is used as a trimming where the sleeve joins the blouse and at yoke. Linen and galatea are suitable materials for development.

No. 2007, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; with or without inset and tunic; two-piece skirt attached to lining; 34-inch length from waistline; three-inch hem allowed. Size 16 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 21-inch for inset. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 969, in yellow, for bead trimming.



Transfer Pattern
No. 969
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2007 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents

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The NEW
McCall Pattern
2037 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents

No. 2037, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head; with or without loose panels. Size 16 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and 2 yards of ribbon for sash. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

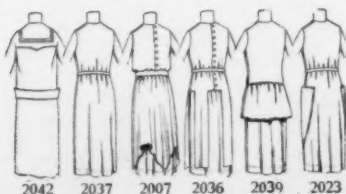
The NEW
McCall Pattern
2023 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 1008
Price, 20 cents

No. 2023, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 1008, in yellow, for beads, satin- and darning-stitch.

No. 2036, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Size 16 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material for overdress, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for skirt and inset, and $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards of trimming for the edges. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2036 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents

No. 2039, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt and chemisette. Size 16 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch tucked net for the chemisette. The width at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Transfer Pattern No. 883, in yellow or blue, for satin-stitch and beads.



2042 2037 2007 2036 2039 2023

Transfer Pattern
No. 883
Price, 20 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2039 Dress
3 sizes, 16-20
Price, 40 cents



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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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will stop that cough, Bill. My mother gives it to me when I get a cough, and you don't hear me coughing all the time."

And Johnnie is right.

Get a bottle now from your druggist.

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Not a confection, but a genuine remedy. Contain no opiates or other harmful ingredients, hence are especially fine for children, as even a small piece will relieve a cough or sore throat.

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THE VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.
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New McCall Patterns for all Designs on this page

How to obtain McCall Patterns—see page 41



The NEW McCall Pattern 2054 Dress
7 sizes, 2-14
Price, 30 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern 2043 Coat
5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years
Price, 25 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern 2044 Coat
5 sizes, 6 months to 6 years
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No. 2043, CHILD'S COAT. Size 2 requires 1 1/8 yards of 54-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch lining. Developed in duvetyne.

No. 2054, GIRL'S DRESS; with or without bolero; two-piece straight skirt. Size 4 requires 1 5/8 yards of 32-inch gingham.

No. 2044, CHILD'S COAT; with or without hood. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 48-inch material and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch lining.



The NEW McCall Pattern 2055 Coat
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Price, 30 cents

The NEW McCall Pattern 2034 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 30 cents

No. 2034, GIRL'S DRESS; three-piece skirt. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for the waist and skirt front, and 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch for the collar, sleeves and skirt back.

No. 2055, GIRL'S RAGLAN COAT; full length or shorter. Size 8 requires, shorter length, 1 3/4 yards of 48-inch material and 1 5/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 2035, GIRL'S DRESS; with vest; four-piece skirt. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 18-inch for the vest.

No. 2013, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight skirt. Size 12 requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 851, in yellow or blue.

The NEW McCall Pattern

The NEW McCall Pattern 2035 Dress
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Price, 30 cents



2043 2044 2034 2055 2013

2013 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 25 cents

New McCall Patterns for all Designs on this page

How to obtain McCall Patterns—see page 41



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2017 Rompers
5 sizes, 2-6
Price, 25 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2050 Drawers
4 sizes, 1-6
Price, 20 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2047 Slip
7 sizes, 2-14
Price 25 cents

No. 2050, CHILD'S ONE-PIECE DRAWERS. Size 4 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace edging for ruffles.

No. 2017, CHILD'S ROMPERS; dropped back. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2047, GIRL'S PRINCESS SLIP. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 36-inch material and 2 yards of embroidered flouncing.

The NEW
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2009 Dress
7 sizes, 2-10
Price, 25 cents
Transfer Pattern No. 737
Price, 20 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2046 Nightgown
7 sizes, 1-12
Price, 25 cents

No. 2046, GIRL'S YOKE NIGHTGOWN. Size 6 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and 2 yards of edging.

No. 2009, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 32-inch material. Transfer Pattern No. 737, in yellow or blue, for single-stitch.

No. 2021, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS; two-piece straight pleated skirt attached to lining. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch for the skirt.

No. 2054, GIRL'S DRESS. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting for bolero, sleeves and pockets. Transfer Pattern No. 723, in yellow or blue.

Transfer Pattern No. 723
Price, 20 cents

The NEW
McCall Pattern
2021 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Price, 30 cents



The NEW
McCall Pattern
2054 Dress
7 sizes, 2-14
Price, 30 cents



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This Church Gets \$103

The St. John's Church at Sparrows Point, Maryland, decided to rebuild their church. As a part of their fund-raising campaign, they put the McCall Plan in operation, and as a result nine members of the Ladies' Aid Society in less than ten days' actual time secured a gift of \$103 from McCall's Magazine. The Rev. Will F. Bare, the pastor writes:

"We consider your plan the easiest possible way of earning money for church purposes, and thank you for suggesting it to us."

No church is too small nor too large to be aided by the McCall Plan. Don't let your church overlook this opportunity to raise the funds it needs.

Your Church Can Raise \$100 Easily

McCall's Magazine, Dept. 1a
250 West 37th St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your Church Plan by which the St. John's Church at Sparrows Point, Maryland, earned \$103 so easily.

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Post Office and State

Name of Church.....

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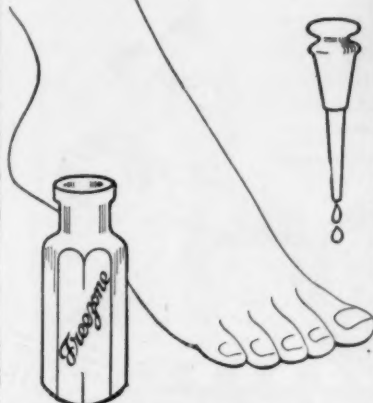
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Doesn't Hurt a Bit



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NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.



Used for 30 Years



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After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

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You can prepare a simple mixture at home that will gradually darken gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add 1 ounce of bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce of glycerine.

These ingredients can be bought at any drug store at little cost, or the druggist will put it up for you. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a gray-haired person look many years younger. It is easy to use, does not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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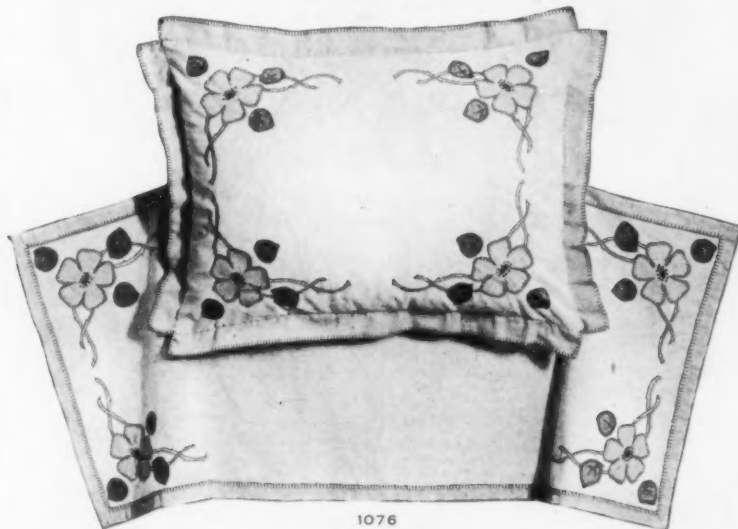
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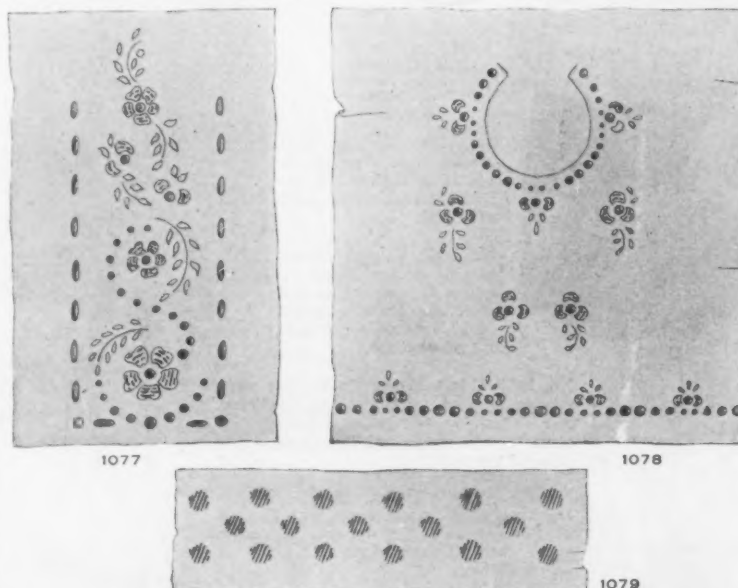
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Bertha had a cracked lip

It was painful—and disfiguring, which was even worse. She remembered what she did for chapped hands and put on

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A HEALING CREAM
Always made under this signature *R.H.H.*

It healed the poor lip gently—the very next day it was better—and all well when "her" Joe came on Sunday.

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Mentholatum stops a head cold too—apply it to the nostrils to restore free breathing.

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DEPT. 1 C
McCALL'S MAGAZINE
250 W. 37th Street, New York



Would You Work For a Woman Boss?

[Continued from page 7]

of dependency on men—relic of an outgrown order when love was the power and purpose of woman's existence.

"Ninety per cent. of the girls who come to us say they prefer to work under men rather than women," says Mr. Howard.

A large per cent. of those girls have never worked under a woman's supervision. Their preference is based entirely upon instinct.

An old French proverb says that it is the men who cause the women to dislike each other. Perhaps. Most men like to believe that women dislike each other, that they are jealous of one another, that they place no trust in one another. Moreover, it is to the interest of men in these days of feminine coming-of-age to foster the notion of that rivalry, and keep it working to discredit women's leadership among women. Men don't spread the propaganda consciously, any more than do the girls who lightly pass adverse judgment on members of their own sex, but they do it just the same.

The youthful F. Scott Fitzgerald in his somewhat callow commentaries on life in *This Side of Paradise*, says about his Rosalind: "She had been disappointed in man after man as individuals, but she had great faith in men as a sex. Women she detested. They represented qualities which she felt and despised in herself—incipient meanness, conceit, cowardice, and petty dishonesty."

That is a rather typical picture of a man's conception of what a clever woman thinks about her sex, and there are a depressingly large number of us who, whether we mean it or not, talk as if we agreed with Rosalind.

For the woman who wants to rise to the top line it is like burning the ladder on which she is climbing. Curious, isn't it, that women should even idly assent to a crooked logic so fatal to their own advancement.

On the dying ashes of this ancient sex disloyalty there will grow, I hope, a new conception of sex allegiance. I have heard numerous women say: "Oh, well, men are all right; but, after all, can you depend upon them as friends? Do they ever treat a woman impersonally; like another human being? Can you believe what they say to you?"

What is a man's opinion of a woman, as a human being, worth? Is not every man always a little bit fooled by a woman—led away from the truthful estimate of her worth by his likes or his prejudices? Whereas women are hard upon each other, awake to each others' little tricks and paraded pretenses. They are quick to protect each other and to ruin each other, but their serious estimates of each other are the Truth. "If Miss Blank says I have done well," said one girl to me, "I know I have really made good on the job."

On the brighter side, too, let it be remembered that not even the tradition of a petty and jealous feminine world has been strong enough to keep down the woman who patently belongs in command. There are throngs of women executives now, and their numbers are steadily increasing. There is the woman in charge of a force of tobacco salesmen, the woman who runs a coffee business, the woman who is receiving ten, twenty, even thirty thousands of dollars a year as a buyer in department stores, and scores of others. The woman boss is here, she is here to succeed.

She has her faults undoubtedly, but line them up one by one, and hasn't each its counterpart in types of the masculine executive? Arrogance, lack of appreciation, coldness, slave driving, passion for petty detail, lack of consideration, narrowness of outlook—aren't those qualities just as apt to belong to a man as to a woman? They are just plain human defects, hardly to be laid at the door of one sex alone.

But the sex line is still drawn. At present the woman boss is still rare enough to be the subject of analysis and caricature. "Will a woman make good at this job?" is the question today instead of, "Will this particular person make good at it?" And the woman boss will make good *universally* only when she has a fair field and no handicaps, when her *own sex* first, and men in their own good time, acknowledge her as fair and square potentially, as capable, and as judicious as the Man Boss. And if men, under present conditions, can point out that women refuse to give homage to women, and prefer to put even the incompetent man rather than any woman in places of authority, then we need not waste time in blaming the prejudiced male. We have only our own sex to blame.

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They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

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Mary T. Goldman, 107 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is _____

black _____ jet black _____ dark brown _____ medium brown _____ light brown _____

Name _____ Street _____
Town _____ Co. _____ State _____



Resolved—

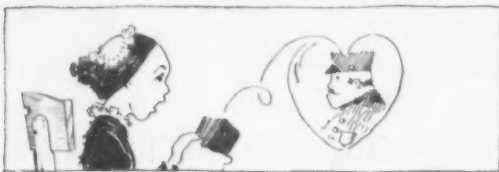
IT was a clever ancient who set the fashion of New Year's resolutions. But do the truly great ever try to reform themselves? Did Julius Caesar ever say to himself, some bright New Year: "I will never write another Commentary?" Did Juliet ever set down in her diary: "I hereby promise to obey Papa and Mama and give up seeing that delightful Romeo?" Did Captain Kidd, looking in the mirror at himself, remark: "I must give up this pirate's life—it is ruining my looks?"

It is our wiser that they didn't. Marie Antoinette and all the other frivolous ladies of history may have had moments when they yearned to take life seriously, but not for long! Thank heaven for that. For if they had not all gone their capricious way, wrecking the world they left behind them, history would have been a dull book to be set before the errant eyes of the young. One can remember so much better the deeds of a high-handed Queen Elizabeth, than the estimable nullities of the unmemorable meek.

No. We are against resolutions. Long ago, in our youth, we used to write down, every January, commendable decisions to do our home-work, to lower our voice, to develop a gentle nature—what not? All in vain, and to no purpose. This is no world for a lovely character. Loveliness gets no one a telephone connection, nor a trolley-car—much less a living. Let us leave perfection for Heaven. After all, wasn't it a wise God who placed Heaven away off in impenetrable space, lost in the unimaginable depths of eternity?

Her Favorite Beat

A VERY proper family is accustomed to have regular evening devotions, at which one of the maids is usually asked to select a hymn. One night the waitress gave



a number which resulted in a hymn so unsuitable in character, that the mistress asked her to explain her choice.

With some reluctance, the maid replied, "Oh, mum, that's my policeman's number."

The Down-hearted Dustcloth

I PUT it to you," said the dustcloth,
As it wiped the grimy shelf,
"If a fellow could touch all the dust in the world,
And never get dirty himself?"

Perfectly Horrible!

WOMEN, natural managers, make a good thing go a long way. If they would but reform their vocabularies! They find a good word, every one or so, which they apply universally to every life experience. We heard one woman talking the other day, who used, in a half-hour's conversation, the phrase *perfectly lovely* forty-nine times—applying it alike to the new minister, the edging on a curtain, the trip from Buffalo to New York, Niagara Falls, apple jelly, her baby's smile, her second husband, the Peace Treaty, the new President's wife, and fifteen different types of weather. Worse was the list of things *awful*, *dreadful*, a *perfect shame*, *atrocious*, and the people to whom she said *my dear!*

Why not petition Congress to pass laws providing for the arrest of any woman using any one phrase more than fifty times in twenty-seven cubic yards of conversation—telephone conversations not excepted. Inability to speak the English language to be no exemption.

Safety First

MEN do queer things to avoid the unavoidable calamity. There is still with us the old-fashioned father who never is without a horse-chestnut to keep off the rheumatism. The Chinese recommend as their most efficacious tonic a coffin nail in wine—the iron and wine of our grandmothers. But for really sensible precautions, we are for the ancient King of Ceylon who, faring forth to battle, is said to have removed his soul and safely locked it in an iron box, thus insuring himself against death in the coming conflict.

Song of a Lover

Baffled by his lady's headdress

OH darling, I have sung your charms—
The ripple in your tawny hair,
I like the muscle in your arms,
Your tilted nose that takes the air—
Your voice is low, I like your laughter,
I revel even in your tears—
I search your features, fore and after—
But I have never seen your ears.

Cold Facts

YOUNG people, we hope, will read Frank Brady's story in this magazine, and profit thereby. We don't know whether Mr. Brady's story is founded on his own experience, but we do know that he has had infinitely worse. His latest has been the Adventure of the Ice-boxes. Mr. Brady, let us state, is young, brave and fair.

A few short weeks ago, he announced to his friends that he was moving. He mentioned his need of a refrigerator—"Just something large enough for butter and ice." Soon the whole of New York knew about the ice-box. His young women friends showed that they had not forgotten how to raise a Liberty Loan.

For no sooner had Mr. Brady moved into his large quarters, than the ice-boxes began to arrive—of all sizes: ice-boxes for baby's milk bottles, refrigerators for Australian beef. They filled the rooms, and poured out into the halls. Some had cards attached, others had violets on each shelf, others contained ice. Mr. Brady spent one night climbing wearily from one to another searching for the North Pole.

The landlord, in the morning, asked if this was a refrigerator plant. "No," said Mr. Brady, "nothing green grows in the arctic regions." So he and the landlord sold them to a second-hand dealer and now they are both rich, rich men.

If They Lived Today

Cleopatra—My dear, Antony is a perfectly wonderful dancer!

Antony—I met a girl during the war in Egypt who was some knockout.

Julius Caesar—I will *not* be interviewed on the Irish question.

Cicero—I am doing my best to bring down prices.

Queen Elizabeth—I simply cannot keep a cook in my castle.

Marie Antoinette—The prices they ask for hats—aren't they simply AW—FUL!

Sir Walter Raleigh—I would be glad to let you walk upon my overcoat, but at the present price of wool I cannot afford to. Sorry.

Table Manners

FOUR slender legs the table has;
I've two, on each a stocking.
The table boldly bares its legs;
Aren't table manners shocking?

Correct—One Hundred

THE usual crowd of small boys was hanging around the entrance to a circus tent in a country town, when an important looking man standing nearby suddenly said to the ticket-taker:

"Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

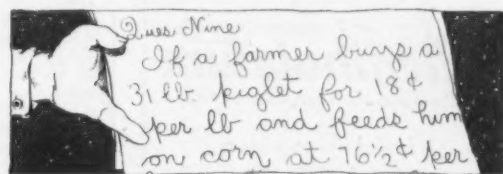


When the last youthful jubilant had entered, the ticket-taker turned to the patron of the ring, and said, "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the stranger. "I guessed just right." And like the Arabs he quietly slipped away.

Regretfully Lacking

WHEN the young teacher first picked up Billy's examination paper, her heart thrilled. Here at least was one of those rare pupils whom it was a pleasure to teach. Every question answered! But as she began to read his



contributions to the world's knowledge, her heart sank. After each of the ten questions, Billy had carefully written: "I regret very much that I have no information on this subject."

All About Allen

FEW of us can claim so varied a past as James E. Allen, one of McCall's most popular illustrators, who is doing *The Brimming Cup* for you. Like most men who could speak if they would, Mr. Allen is hard to draw out; but from time to time, seated on the editorial desk, he has given us bits of romantic experience that set even disillusioned editors to dreaming.

Born on a ranch in Montana, Mr. Allen was brought up in a lumber-mill town by a strict father who believed in hard work as a training for life. But the son rebelled. Every chance he could get, he ran off to the forests to hunt and to trap—returning home after months of absence. Those days started dreams. Rough sketches, drawn in the woods, gave him the hope that he might become an artist.

We don't know how he managed the difficult father, but a few years later, he was studying in Chicago, having made his way there by his own efforts. He put himself through school, working odd hours at every sort of job from trunk porter at a railroad station to stage-hand at a local theater. To this day, he can't enjoy a show. At the crucial moment, he is wondering about the unfortunate property man, swinging somewhere in mid-air there, behind the scenes, waiting to shed the snow on the dying heroine.

Mr. Allen got his diploma from the Chicago School of Fine Arts, married a co-ed from the same school and came East to join the artists' colony at Interlaken, N. J.

He thought he was in for a quiet time of it. But then the War came and he was up in the air—with the aviation. He soon had his captain's bars and was sent with the boys across the Pond.

"Only," he says, "don't forget that I was unlucky enough not to reach the front lines."

Today he is back at Interlaken, putting in his time creating heroes and heroines for the pages of magazines.

Song of Progress

THE time has come—the Housewife said—
To think of making speed,
For now that I'm in politics,
I'm occupied indeed.

I cook the beans without a fire,
I watch the "washer" go—
And Printed Patterns cut in half
The time it takes to sew.

When in Rome

MANNERS are the queerest thing in the world. If some protective instinct hadn't created a code of social behavior, we should all have destroyed ourselves long ago. The cavemen would have shoved each other over the cliff; the pioneers, if they hadn't been so polite, would have eaten each other into starvation. Only consideration for the man or woman in front of you keeps this generation alive. Imagine the rude, leaving—really rudely—at the end of the World series, or a Yale-Harvard game.

Differing manners give a flair to life. Consider the stir made by the entrance of a lady into an American Pullman car; whereas in Japan the perfect lady is almost invisible. One well-bred Japanese, going down from Tokio to Kyoto rushed into the car and curled upon her heels on the cushioned seat. She pulled down the window shade, lest the scenery intrude, and folding her face in her hands, sat there silently obscuring herself. The American was so amazed that he stared at the oriental violet for the entire trip.

Cookery is the food for the use of though commonly include the preliminary dressing and preparing food, and all processes foods are prepared for it should strictly be those processes which the application of heat.

The cooking of food to do with its nutritive. Many articles which, on their mechanical condition, other cause, are quite un-nourishment when raw. nutritious when cooked are three chief purposes. The first is to mechanical condition of digestive juices. food more free changes the materials very they are more digestible making pr o

The fine cookery is water; this vehicle for solvent. So hard, for the cium salts, and nesium salts all exception to the ing of salmon, w is preferable. If due to lime, boiling of it and the water and poured off from using. Sometimes a mended to remedy the but this is apt to injure food. If the hardness is of magnesium or to sulphur, neither boiling nor soda water. Green vegetables a better appearance when boiled than when cooked in hard, the and flavor are easily spoiled, wholesomeness injured by over even in soft water. In cooking the starchy foods water acts simply as a vehicle for heat, and the chemical change in the bursting of the starch granule and gelatinization of the contents, for starch, when mixed with water, forms a paste which gives a jelly mass when cold. Dry heat acting on starch, as in baking, converts the starch into dextrine. As starch is insoluble, and dextrine soluble, it is obvious that cooked starch, in so far as it is converted into dextrine, is more readily digestible than raw. To some extent the changes involved in the cooking of starchy foods form, in fact, an anticipation of the changes involved in the process of digestion. crust of the bread and the outside portion of toast consist quite considerably of dextrine. A potato

FOR 1921 - Turn over a new leaf!

Once you try MAZOLA you will prefer it to butter and lard for cooking and to olive oil for salad dressing.

MAZOLA
Perfect for Cooking and Salad Dressings

MUTTON DUCK
A fore quarter of lamb may be ordered dressed for Mutton Duck at your market. It may be roasted with or without stuffing. Use MAZOLA instead of butter for basting.

part of the potato should be cooked with the skin on, if the potato is desired to retain as much as possible of the nutritive material. Some persons consider the flavor better if the skin is removed.

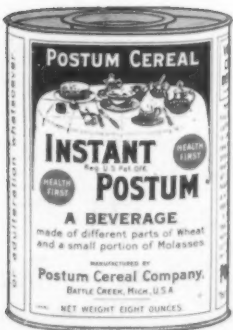
Though potatoes contain other materials besides starch, they are composed essentially of cells con-

the starch absorbs the water and extra water cells are broken down



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